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LOS ANGELES

THE

WIDOW'S OFFERING.

BY MRS. KAY.

New Series.

"The bruised heart loves the gentlest handling, and the troubled spirit is soothed with the simplest music."—*The Rev. John Angell James.*

"Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

As You Like It.

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DEDICATION

TO THE

RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF CARLISLE, &c.

My Lord,

It is with feelings of the deepest gratitude that I dedicate to you this the second series of the "Widow's Offering;" and, in doing so, permit me to acknowledge that this is the third time I have been indebted to your Lordship's distinguished patronage and approval of my humble efforts.

Wishing most fervently that your Lordship may have more abundant enjoyment in the luxury of doing good, by lending your name and influence to every effort that can delight and instruct, as well as ameliorate the condition of all classes of your countrymen (in which your Lordship's exertions have made your character as illustrious as your race), I beg your Lordship to accept the assurances of the profound respect and gratitude with which I have the honour to be

Your Lordship's obedient

And humble Servant,

MARY KAY.

853743

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

In ushering this volume of Poems to the world, and in returning her grateful thanks to the very distinguished and generous patrons of her little work, the Compiler cannot but feel that it is, perhaps, necessary that some explanation should be given of the peculiarly distressing circumstances under which they are published.

The Compiler was so painfully situated as to have been for some time dependent on other parties for support, who had it in their power to insult and oppress her: circumstances, *of a domestic character, marked with features of deep ingratitude*, have now deprived her of the little aid—the very small pittance—which has of late enabled her to encounter the difficulties of a widowed position. She has struggled for many years through adversity and unmerited wrong; and, after vainly striving to surmount the difficulties she has had to contend with, she at length conceived the idea of compiling a new series of a former work, copies of which went into the hands of 4,500 subscribers,—a number, which, in point of amount and respectability, she believes, was never obtained by any female in existence, and certainly unexampled in the history of literature. The profits on that occasion enabled her to finish the

education of four fatherless children: it far exceeded her expectations, crowned her most earnest wishes with success, and brought her out of the condition so graphically described by the Rev. John Angell James, in his work entitled "The Widow's God," where he says,

"In addition to the deep affliction of your being left a widow, you are left also in circumstances every way calculated to aggravate this already heavy cup of woe. To lose your husband is of itself a cup of sorrow, requiring nothing to fill it to overflowing and embitter it with wormwood—except to have a young dependent family, and no provision for their support or settlement in the world. Oh! for that woman to be plunged into all the anxieties of business—all the fear of destitution—who never knew a care or tasted of solicitude; for such an one, unused to labour, to have her own maintenance and that of her children to earn—to sit, day after day, amidst her little fatherless circle, and witness their unconsciousness of their loss—to hear them ask why she weeps—to have her heart lacerated by questions about their father—to sit in silent solitary grief when their voices are all hushed at night, except the cry that issues from the cradle—to be followed to a sleepless pillow, and be kept waking through the live long night by recollections of departed joys, and fears of future want! Ah! my afflicted friend, I pity you! May God support and comfort you."

Such is the language of the Rev. J. Angell James—such has been the hard lot of the compiler of this work: but "The Widow's God" has encouraged her to confide in him. He saved her from despair, and likewise prevented her energies from being paralyzed, and abandoning *all* for lost. She did not sit down and say, "I know not how or whence help is to come. I am utterly at a loss to conceive how I shall be able to work my way or provide for those fatherless little ones." But God, "The Widow's God," encouraged her to confide in him; and He is omnipotent. She certainly

expected much from former friends, but was soon given to understand that she must not depend on *them*. But the hearts of all men are in the hands of the Lord, and he could and *did* turn some—aye, many—towards her in acts of kindness, to whom she ever shall feel grateful. She met with assistance by exerting herself in a way rather uncommon for a comparatively uneducated woman : she compiled "THE WIDOW'S OFFERING," and canvassed for subscribers personally—*a most laborious task*. She certainly suffered much personal privation and underwent uncommon fatigue ; but then she occasionally met with much to cheer and comfort her in her weary pilgrimage, for she frequently had great, *very great*, kindness shewn her, and many a consoling conversation amongst well-educated Christians and clergymen of all denominations, who encouraged her efforts. She has had the extreme gratification of seeing three of her children placed in respectable situations, whose capacities have been cultivated by education ; but her fourth child—her pet, her Benjamin—it has pleased the Almighty to remove to "another and a better world." She was a creature of the most amiable disposition, dutiful and affectionate, and had journeyed many hundred miles with her widowed mother, (cheering her as they went along), in quest of subscribers to her humble work. Now she is left alone—lonely ; but still she will not despair, for the Almighty has brought her through many troubled waters, and will not forsake her.

As regards the taste of the Compiler in selecting the poems for this volume, it best becomes her to be silent.

She can only say that she has done her best, with the kind assistance of many talented friends, to whom her warmest thanks are due, and are here gratefully given. It is very well known amongst her acquaintance that this volume has not been published from motives of ambition or ostentation, but as a means of rendering her latter days—(being now in her sixty-second year) —more comfortable, by being *self-reliant.* She, therefore, humbly ventures a hope that this little unassuming compilation may be judged with an indulgence rather more worthy of the generosity of her READERS than due to her merits.

The Compiler cannot close this brief address without once more thanking her numerous subscribers for their generous support in her present undertaking; and she takes her leave by assuring them, in the language of our own immortal Shakspeare, that "their kindness will be registered in that book of memory where every day she turns the leaf to read them."

CONTENTS.

Arab's Farewell to his Horse, the 8

Beauty's Tear 101
Be kind 126
Blind Girl, to a 158
Brighter Hours 167
Beggar Child, the 182

Convict, the 61
Circassian War Song 85
Consumption 114
Christian Bachelor's Resolution, the .. 122
Chinese Proverb 143

Dying Wife, the 25
Dying Girl to her Lover, the 32
Death of the Rev. C. Wolfe 129
Deed of the Reveller, the 140
Disappointment, to 168
Deserted Wife 170

Engine Drivers, the 15
Emigrant's Thoughts of Home, the 59
Early Primrose, on an 72
Evening Scene, an 82
Enigma, an 131
Excelsior 160

Evening Thoughts 188
Filbert, the 6
Friend Born for Adversity, the 49
Funeral Bell, the 73
For my Heart's Friend 79
Fall of Pride, the 109
Friendship's Hand 153

Graves of a Household, the 117
Good Temper 163
Gates of Rome, the—the Gates of Heaven .. 192

Hope On 1
Hopes of Immortality 31
Hurrah! for the Holly! 39
Home 89
Hymn 91
Heart to be Let, a 119
Husband's Complaint, The 155
Helen in a Huff, to 162
Humble Origin 165

Industry, to 151

Keep at Work 20

Lines on Woman 41
Lines on Dubuff's Picture, "The Temptation" .. 52
Lone Sheep Bell, the 105
Look at the Bright Side 108
Land of the South, the 150
Love of Life's Young Day 172
Lines on a dear Departed Daughter .. 186
Lines to some Wild Flowers 195

Non-proposals, or Doubts Resolved 103

Mariner's Adieu 101
My Mother, to 139
Matrimonial Love 143
Murderer's Last Night, the 178

Old Time 99
Origin of the Moss Rose, the 184
Onward Ever 185

Peace on All 42
Poet's Grave, the 111
Poor, the—A Sonnet 181

Resignation 5
Redbreast in Church 45
Ruth 48
Rhine, the 107
Ring Dove, the 113
Rizpah 144

Speak Gently 3
Sonnet to his Mother 5
Smiles of the Young, the 17
Stanzas 22
Stanzas 28
Spirit and the Flesh, the 37
Soul's Passing, the 54
Sailor and the Flower, the 74
Solitude 120
Stanzas 132
Seraph's Visit, the 136
Sky Lark, the 173
Sharing of the Earth 176
Sonnet 106
Sonnet—the Poor 181
Sonnet on Bells at a distance 187
Saturday Evening 190

True Friendship 35
Tears of Eve, the 50
Two Wishes, the 69
To-morrow 135

What Might be done 19
Wife to her Husband, the 65
Wife in a Bag, the 127
Welcome Back 147
Woman 180
Witherd Leaf, a 197

Village Home, the 12

Voice of the Poet, the 75
Voices of God 133
Voice of Mourning, the 148
Virtuous, Discreet, and Loving Wife, a .. 174

Youthful Friend, a 83

THE

WIDOW'S OFFERING.

HOPE ON.

"Hope on! Hope ever!"—In thy sadness
Believe a brighter hour is near,
Radient with beams of heartfelt gladness,
The later years of life to cheer.

Hath the hand of Death bereft thee
Of those who smiled in childhood's home?
Have the friends thou cherished left thee,
Lonely through the world to roam!

Still, hope on, the future bringeth
Something dearer—brighter still,—

Some fair dream, whose influence flingeth
Joy around in good and ill.

In thy trials hope can cheer thee;
And when sorrow falls on thee,
Hope on—hope on! for God is near thee,
To guide thy barque o'er Danger's Sea!

When thy onward path looks dreary,—
When the friends of youth have fled,—
When thy heart feels lone and weary,
Yearning for the loved—the dead.

Though the trusted could deceive thee,
Deem not ALL are faithless too:—
Earth has yet kind hearts, believe me,
Glowing with affection true.

Hope on! hope on! though all should fail thee,—
Though *Falsehood* wound, or Death should try,—
Whatever earthly ills assail thee,
Hope on!—hope ever!—God is nigh.

GEORGIANA BENNETT.

SPEAK GENTLY!

Speak gently!—it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently—let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

Speak gently!—Love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind;
And gently friendship's accents flow—
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child!
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it, in accents soft and mild,
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young; for they
Will have enough to bear—
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care!

Speak gently to the *aged one*—
Grieve not the *care-worn* heart:
The sands of life are nearly run—
Let *such* in peace depart!

Speak gently, kindly to the *poor*;
Let no harsh tone be heard—
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word!

Speak gently to the erring—know
They must have toil'd in vain:
Perchance *unkindness* made them so;
Oh! win them back again!

Speak gently!—He who gave His life
To bend man's stubborn will,
When elements were in fierce strife,
Said to them, "Peace, be still!"

Speak gently!—'tis a little thing
Dropp'd in the heart's deep well—
The good, the joy which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

SONNET TO HIS MOTHER.

And canst thou, Mother, for a moment think
That we, thy children, when old age shall shed
Its blanching honours on thy weary head,
Could from our best of duties ever shrink?
Sooner the sun from his high sphere should sink,
Than we, ungrateful, leave *thee* in that day,
To pine in solitude thy life away;
Or shun thee, tottering on the grave's cold brink.
Banish the thought!—where'er our steps may roam,
O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree,
Still will fond memory point our hearts to thee,
And paint the pleasures of our peaceful home;
While duty bids us all thy griefs assuage,
And smooth the pillow of thy sinking age.

H. K. WHITE.

RESIGNATION.

Since 'tis thy sentence I should part
With the most precious treasure of my heart,

I freely that and more resign,
My heart itself, as its delight, is thine ;
My little all I give to thee,
Thou gav'st a greater gift, thy Son, to me.

Take all, great God, I will not grieve,
But still will wish that I had still to give ;
I hear thy voice, Thou bid'st me quit
My paradise ; I bless and do submit ;
I will not murmur at thy word,
Nor beg thy angel to sheathe his sword.

NORRIS OF BEMERTON.

THE FILBERT.

Nay, gather not that Filbert, Nicholas,
There is a maggot there,—it is his house,—
His castle,—oh commit no burglary !
Strip him not naked,—'tis his clothes, his shell,
His bones, the case and armour of his life,
And thou shalt do no murder, Nicholas !
It were an easy thing to crack that nut,

Or with thy crackers, or thy double teeth,
So easily may all things be destroyed!
But 'tis not in the power of mortal man
To mend the fracture of a filbert shell.
There were two great men once amused themselves,
Watching two maggots run their wriggling race,
And wagering on their speed; but Nick, to us
It were no sport to see the pamper'd worm
Roll out, and then draw in his folds of fat,
Like to some barber's leathern powder-bag,
Wherewith he feathers, frosts, or cauliflowers
Spruce bean, or lady fair, or docter grave.
Enough of dangers and of enemies
Hath Nature's wisdom for the worm ordain'd:
Increase not thou the number! Him, the Mouse,
Gnawing with nibbling tooth the shell's defence,
May from his native tenement eject;
Him may the nut-hatch piercing with strong bill
Unwittingly destroy; or to his hoard
The Squirrel bear at leisure to be crack'd.
Man also hath his changes and his foes
As this poor maggot hath; and when I muse
Upon the aches, anxieties, and fears,
The maggot knows not, Nicholas, methinks

It were a happy metamorphosis
To be enkennel'd thus: never to hear
Of wars, and of invasions, and of plots;
To feel no motion but the wind that shook
The Filbert Tree, and rock'd us to our rest;
And in the middle of such exquisite food
To live luxurious! The perfection this
Of snugness! It were to unite at once
Hermit retirement, Aldermanic bliss
And Stoic independence of mankind.

SOUTHEY.

THE ARAB'S FAREWELL TO HIS HORSE.

My beautiful! my beautiful; that standest meekly by
With thy proudly arched and glossy neck, and dark and fiery eye;
Fret not to roam the desert now, with all thy winged speed—
I may not mount on thee again—thou'rt sold, my Arab steed!
Fret not with that impatient hoof—snuff not the breezy wind—

The further that thou fliest now, so far am I behind ;
The stranger hath thy bridle rein—thy master hath his gold—
Fleet-limbed and beautiful ! farewell !—thou'rt sold, my steed—thou'rt sold !

Farewell ! those free untired limbs full many a mile must roam,
To reach the chill and wintry sky, which clouds the stranger's home ;
Some other hand, less fond, must now thy corn and bread prepare ;
The silky mane I braided once, must be another's care !
The morning sun shall dawn again, but never more with thee
Shall I gallop through the desert paths, where we were wont to be :
Evening shall darken on the earth ; and o'er the sandy plain
Some other steed, with slower step, shall bear me home again.

Yes, thou must go ! the wild, free breeze, the brilliant sun and sky,

Thy master's home—from all of these, my exiled one must fly.
Thy proud, dark eye will grow less proud, thy step become less fleet,
And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck, thy master's hand to meet.
Duly in sleep shall I behold that dark eye, glancing bright—
Duly in sleep shall hear again that step so firm and light:
And when I raise my dreaming arm to check or cheer thy speed,
Then must I starting wake, to feel—thou'rt sold, my Arab steed!

Ah! rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel hand may chide,
Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves, along thy panting side:
And the rich blood that's in thee swells, in thy indignant pain,
Till ceaseless eyes, which rest on thee, may count each started vein.
Will they ill use thee! If I thought—but no, it cannot be—

Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed; so gentle, yet so free:
And yet, if haply when thou'rt gone, my lonely heart should yearn—
Can the hand which casts thee from it now, command thee to return?

Return! alas! my Arab steed! what shall thy master do,
When thou who wert his all of joy, hast vanished from his view?
When the dim distance cheats mine eye, and through the gathering tears
Thy bright form, for a moment, like the false mirage appears.
Slow and unmounted will I roam, with weary foot alone,
Where with fleet step, and joyous bound, thou oft has borne me on;
And, sitting down by that green well, I'll pause and sadly think,
"It was here he bowed his glossy neck, when last I saw him drink!"

When last I saw thee drink !—away ! the fevered dream
is o'er—
I could not live a day, and know that we should meet
no more !
They tempted me, my beautiful ! for hunger's power is
strong—
They tempted me, my beautiful ! but I have loved too
long.
Who said that I had given thee up ?—Who said that
thou wert sold ?
'Tis false,—'tis false, my Arab steed ! I fling them back
their gold !
Thus, thus, I leap upon thy back, and scour the distant
plains ;
Away ! who overtakes us now, shall claim thee for his
pains.

HON. MRS. NORTON.

THE VILLAGE HOME.

A village home, a village home,
By a smiling village lea,

With the calm rich life of its tranquil scene,
And the joy that smiles thro' its ancient mien,
And its daily flowers, and its olden treen,
That sigh and lean o'er the graveyard green,—
Oh a Village Home for me!

Oh a Village Home! where all,
From the babbling village brook
To the village sky that shines on high,
Hath the same sweet village look!

And the sun hath a face for that happy place,
Which never he knows elsewhere,
As a villager gay, in his harvest array,
He strides thro' the morning air.

Pane by pane, thro' hamlet and lane,
He peepeth in every one;
And right fair speech hath his love for each—
That brave old neighbourly sun!

A Village Home for me—
And the village peace that plays
Thro' the calm delights of its holy nights,
And the thoughts of its quiet days.

And a village home for me—
When my village life is o'er,
And the village home at eve may come
On my twilight ear no more,—

That sleep, so calm and sound,
How the weary heart would love,
With the village graves around,
And the village bells above;

And the village blessing borne
On balm of Sabbath air;
And tears in simple eyes that mourn,
At village hour of prayer,
As they point to the stone with moss overgrown,
And think of the sleeper there.

A Village Home, a Village Home
By a smiling village lea,
With the calm rich life of its tranquil scene,
And the joy that smiles thro' its ancient mien,
And its daily flowers and its olden treen
That sigh and lean o'er the graveyard green,—
Oh a Village Home for me!

SYDNEY GENDYS.

THE ENGINE DRIVERS.

Water and flame to agreement came,
And a solemn league they swore,
To use such speed and to do such deed
As never was done before :
To be friends to Time—to be foes to Space,
And mingle their rival powers—
And a giant's pace, in a giant's race,
To be slaves to us and ours.

The sign is made, the word is said,
And the boiler coughs and hoots,
And taught to go, at the first right slow,
The long line onward shoots ;
Till with valves that rattle quick, and with steam that volumes thick,
And with buffers each from other far apart,
While the sleepers quake below, and the wheels like lightning go,
Through the tunnel and the bridge we dart.

Through the chalk-built hill, by the busy mill,
By the stream where the waters splash,
Through the Kentish hops, through the Sussex copse,
Or the breezy heath we dash:
Where the small birds sing, where the sweet bells ring,
Where the earliest flowers are plucked,
We thunder away the livelong day
Over embankment and viaduct.

There's a hill before, yet we give not o'er,
But with double speed we fly,
And we make no pause at the tunnel's jaws,
Though we enter with doleful cry;
But the darkness and rocks our engine mocks,
And mountains are tamed by skill;
Though they fought right hard for their own at Box,
And harder at Clayton Hill.

The hour will be past if we pause at last,
So faster, if faster may be;
The clouds that fly through the summer sky
Are not so swift as we;
There's a whir in the trees when we pass like the breeze,
As if all we had done were too slow,

And for breath we must gasp, and the tender-rails we
clasp
As a mile a minute we go.

We may hear the bell of our coming tell
A long long league away;
And the pleasant field to the town must yield,
Ere we end our toil to-day;
For life and for limb one thought to Him
Of thankfulness we give,
Who guides us aright, in our whirlwind flight,
When we could not go wrong and live!

REV. J. M. NEALE, B.A.

THE SMILES OF THE YOUNG.

As the golden-eyed flower when the summer is green,
As the footstep of morn on the ocean is seen,
As the girdle of day when his mantle is flung
On the fair forest-boughs, are the smiles of the young.

Oh, lift the light veil from the face of the maid,
Where in sweet-cradled slumbers the sleeper is laid,
On the soft rosy lip smiles of innocence play,
For she seems in a dream amid flowers to stray.

As the dream of a maiden whose soul is serene,
When no cloud in its azure of beauty is seen,
Like the visions of fancy whose weavings are hung
In the temple of youth,—are the smiles of the young.

The sleeper hath risen—her mother is nigh—
How light is the laugh, and how radiant the eye,
And the soul is a heaven in its joy on the breast,
Where she seeks like a dove in her bosom, a nest.

Like the track of an angel—the path of a star—
When on errands of love he comes glittering afar,
Like the tone of the harp, whose sweet cadance is flung
From the soul-touch of love,—are the smiles of the young.

Ah!—changed is the vision—the couch of despair,
The blue eye is veil'd and the bloom is not there,
But the smile hath not fled, though the last trembling breath
Hath pass'd the cold lip, yet it smileth in death!

T. B. B.

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

What might be done if men were wise !
What glorious deeds my suffering brother,
Would they unite,
In love and right,
And cease their scorn of one another !

Oppression's heart might be imbued
With kindling drops of loving kindness,
And knowledge pour
From shore to shore,
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrongs—
All vice and crime may die together:
And wine and corn,
To each man born,
Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod—
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow—

Might stand erect
In self respect,
And share the teeming world tomorrow.

What might be done? This might be done—
And more than *this*, my suffering brother—
More than the tongue
Ever said or sung
If men were wise, and loved each other.

CHARLES MACKAY.

KEEP AT WORK.

Does the mountain on you frown?
Keep at Work:
You may undermine it yet:
If you stand and thump its base,
Sorry bruises you may get.
Keep at Work.

Does Miss Fortune's face look sour?
Keep at Work:
She may smile again some day;
If you pull your hair and fret,

Rest assured she'll have her way.
Keep to Work.

Are you censured by your friends?
Keep to Work:
Whether you are wrong or right,
May be you must 'bide your time,
If for victory you fight.
Keep at Work.

If the devil growls at you,
Keep at Work:
That's the best way to resist;
If you hold an argument,
You may feel his iron fist.
Keep at Work.

Are your talents vilified?
Keep at Work:
Greater men than you are hated;
If you're right, then go ahead—
Grit will be appreciated.
Keep at Work.

Everything is done by labour ;
Keep at Work,
If you would improve your station ;
They have help from Providence,
Who work out their own salvation.
Keep at Work.

BOSTON CHRONOTYPE.

STANZAS,

ON SEEING DANBY'S SUBLIME PAINTING "THE OPENING OF THE SIXTH SEAL.—REV. VI. C., 12—17.

And I beheld when he had opened the sixth seal, and, lo, there was a great earthquake ; and the sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood.

And the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind.

And the heaven departed as a scroll when it is rolled together ; and every mountain and island were moved out of their places.

And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman and every freeman, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains ;

And said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb :

For the great day of his wrath is come ; and who shall be able to stand ?

Thou vast production of a masters hand,
Replete in all the majesty of thought,
I gaze upon thee, and o'er powered I stand,
To see earth's greatness falling into nought.

The awful grandeur of the light'nings flash,
Rending rude masses from the unquarried rock ;
A thousand thunders seem at once to crash,
And make all nature tremble with the shock.

The countless stars, descending from their spheres,
Whirl'd in the vast immensity of space ;
The rising moon, a blood like aspect wears,
The sun in darkness shrouds his glorious face.

Dreadful convulsions rend the solid earth—
Rocks, hills, and plains, dissolve with fervent heat;
Volcanic fires, their sulphurous flames flash forth,
And nature's wreck seems terribly complete.

The mighty city falls a ruin'd mass,
And all its statues, palaces, and towers
Are in a moment levell'd to their base,
Shewing the weakness of *all* human powers.

Vain are the riches, or the power of kings—
Vain is the valor of the steel clad host;
Prostrate they lie, amongst the wreck of things,
Groaning, despairing, powerless, and lost.

Conscious of guilt—they seek in vain to fly
The awful presence of an angry God;
Weary of life, but yet, affraid to die,
They writhe in agony beneath his rod.

But boundless power, is boundless mercy too,—
For see the Heavens departing like a scroll—
Infinite glory, bursting on the view,
The home, and refuge of the ransom'd soul.

He breaks his bonds and animates the slave,
Who stands an emblem of the pure in heart ;
Shouting in triumph o'er the yawning grave,
There is no sting in death's destroying dart.

ALFRED EARNSHAW.

THE DYING WIFE!

"Oh! draw the curtains o'er a bit,
And let me see the mune,
Wi' the winkin' starry lampies
A' dancin' clear abune.

The sun's awa' in robe o' fire,
A' gloriously and bricht,
But it sent a beam to kiss me,
Before it bade guid nicht.

Its bonnie rays gaed ling'ringly,
I watched ilk partin' smile ;
For I kent we'd ne'er meet again,
And grat me sair the while.

Scarce twenty simmers o'er my head,
My young an' yearnin' heart
A glowin' wi' affections kind—
Oh! 'tis terrible to part.

But tak' me in your arms, Jamie—
Your doatin', deein' wife!
And lean my head upo' your breast,
As lang's there's ony life.

Your tears are fa'in' burningly,
I fin' them on my cheek;
But calm yoursel', and whisper me—
We hinna lang to speak.

O monie, monie trystin' nicht,
I've stolen out in haste,
A' purity and happiness,
To meet you on the waste.

Prood mither since and fonder wife,
'Tis hard to leave sae sune;
And fain the young heart wad rebel,
But God's will maun be dune.

In decent time ye'll please yer folk,
And seek some grander mate;
But O! wyle ane o' kindliness,
Wha my orphans wunna hate.

And tell her that I blessed her
A wee before my death,
And bequeathed my little bairnies,
Wi' a mither's deein' breath.

But when ye tak' our fav'rite walk
By the bonnie water-side,
Ye'll maybe hae a tear for me,
Unnoticed o' your bride.

And should ye hae'some ither young,
O! leave nae ours to pine;
But when she gi'es her ain a piece
Gie you a bit to mine.

Ye've struggled sair wi' poverty
For makin' me your ain;
But your braw frien's 'ill come roun' ye
When the sair despised is gane.

And noo I feel death's creepin' cauld—
O! lift them on the bed,
Till I bless my little darlings,
E're battlin' life has sped.

I've maybe been owre prood o' them,
Owre careless o' my God!
But there's mercy for a mither's love
In Heaven's chast'nin' rod.

Noo, Jamie, ca' me ance again
Your ain, your dearest wife;
And haud me close and kiss me, love,
The fareweel kiss o' life.

Dark, dark and cauld, I hear ye nae—
O stay, my husband, stay!
Your hand—O yes! I feel—alas!
'Tis me that's gaun away."

T. DENHAM.

STANZAS.

Oh! if, as Arabs fancy, the traces on thy brow
Were symbols of thy future fate, and I could read them now,

Almost without a fear would I explore the mystic chart,
Believing that the world were weak to darken such a heart.

As yet to thy untroubled soul, as yet to thy young eyes,
The skies above are very heaven—the earth is paradise;
The birds that glance in joyous air—the flowers that happiest be,
That "toil not, neither do they spin,"—are they not types of thee?

And yet, and yet—beloved child,—to thy enchanted sight,
Blest as the present is, the days to come seem yet more bright,
For thine is hope, and thine is love, and thine the glorious power,
That give to hope its fairy light, to love its richest dower.

For me that twilight time is past—those sun-rise colours gone—
The prophecies of childhood—and, the promises of dawn;

And yet WHAT IS, tho' scarcely heard, will speak of
WHAT HAS BEEN,
While Love assumes a gentler tone, and Hope a calmer
mein.

Oh! could we know—oh! could we feel, that blessings
haunt each spot,
Even children—each its angel hath—albeit we see
them not—
That earth to them who live in faith, still *is* what they
believe,
And they who fear deception most, themselves indeed
deceive.

My child, my love, my Nannie, at this hour my heart
flows free,
And wanders over field and flower where I have strayed
with thee;
Thy very voice—thy very smile—is present with me
still,
And it commands me from afar, almost against my will.

To-day I trod enchanted ground, and saw the sunset
gleam
Upon Kilcoleman's fading tower and Spenser's lonely
stream,

Even then, as in my youth, I felt the minstrel shadows
come,
And my heart, that sported all day long—sank, power-
less, passive, dumb.

How was it, that thine image, Anne, was with me in
that hour,
All that thou wert and art,—and, when my soul resumed
its power,
I sought—I almost fear in vain—that feeling to prolong
And give it utterance in verse—accept—forgive the
song.

DR. ANSTER.

HOPES OF IMMORTALITY.

Strong as the death it masters, is the hope
That onward looks to immortality;
Let the frame perish, so the soul survive,
Pure, spiritual, and loving. I believe
The grave exalts, not separates, the ties
That hold us in affection to our kind.
I will look down from yonder pitying sky,
Watching and waiting those I loved on earth;

Anxious in Heaven, until they, too, are there.
I will attend your guardian angel's side
And weep away your faults with holy tears:
Your midnight shall be filled with solemn thought;
And when, at length, death brings you to my love,
Mine the first welcome heard in Paradise.

THE DYING GIRL TO HER LOVER.

Nay, weep not, dearest, lest that falling tear
Still more embitter this, our last adieu,
And make the op'ning joys of heav'n appear
In hues less radiant to my falling view,
My spirit, love, hath well nigh ceased the strife
On earth allotted it; then do not thou
Recall the fev'rish cares, and thoughts of life,
Which ill beseem a maid's reflections now.

True, had it pleased the will of Him above
To leave me yet a little longer here,
Proud had I been to recompense thy love,
And share those cares, which, shared with thee, were dear.

Deem it not boldness that I dare express
My deep, devoted sense of love to thee;
'Tis Death's pale finger which doth now repress
The rising blush of maiden modesty.

Bright were our prospects, bright with many a charm;
Life seemed to us a glorious vale of flow'rs,
Down whose descent to journey arm in arm,
Would be the labour of our happy hours.
Sorrow and care were words admitted not,
To stain the language of our glad young minds;
The roses which we cull'd, no thorns had got;
No clouds our skies; our seas no stormy winds.

We knew not life till each the other knew;
A separate existence could not rank
With that *joint* life, whose forms affection drew
In glowing colours on each bosom's blank.
As to the statue which the Grecian's art
Fashioned in mould most exquisite, and form,
The gods gave breath, so did each other's heart
Give to each other, spirit fond and warm.

Dost thou remember that fair evening's close,
The bright moon sailed in majesty on high;

The jess'mine mixed its odours with the rose,
And all lay hushed beneath the summer's sky?
Dost thou remember our sweet converse then,
As we two sate together in the grove,
And talked of long, long days of pleasure, when
Fate should at length have ratified our love?

Fair were our visions, countless were our dreams,
All redolent of bliss and sunny mirth;
As bright, and, ah! as fading as those beams
Which shot their glory on the silent earth.
Dost thou remember, love, the fairy cot,
The smiling landscape, and the sylvan scene,
Where fancy pictured out our future lot;
The silver streamlet, and the meads so green?

A mournful contrast, is it not? yet dry
That starting tear. 'Tis purposed for the best;
A brighter home's prepared for us on high;
Pleasures unceasing, and eternal rest.
To the frail blossoms of this world's abode
Doth not stern winter desolation bring?
But in the glorious mansions of our God,
There comes no change to ever verdant spring.

Farewell, my eyes grow heavy, and my breath
Is falling fast, another little hour,
And she thou lov'st will be the bride of Death;
Then take my parting gift, this humble flower.
A gorgeous fav'rite of the proud parterre,
Thy dying girl, beloved one, gives thee not;
Yet do I trust to thee 'twill seem as fair,
'Tis Love's own flow'r, the poor Forget-me-not!

D. G. O.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

The charms of sweet friendship, what tongue can unfold.
And all its endearments declare,
'Tis a treasure which may not be likened to gold,
Though gain'd for a moment—uncertain to hold,
And deem'd the more precious, as rare.

A blessing by wisdom, celestial designed,
Could we our own happiness know,
So, o'er this fair world, all harmonious combined
Might sister, with sister be social and kind,
And mutual assistance bestow.

But 'tis not that friendship so smooth and so fair,
Assumed when the motive is gain ;
Nor the mask which the vile and the treacherous wear,
To lay for the artless a guilt worm snare,
Unseen, till they writhe from the pain.

Nor a thing which is worn, or cast of, like our dress,
With fortunes wild changeable gale,
'Tis the sacred esteem, which true bosoms possess,
That in periods of trial, of joy, or distress,
With the same glowing force will prevail.

More fair than a glance of the sun's cheering ray,
When from gloom he emerges to light,
Is the smile in the face of a friend we survey,
And when it is sun in adversity's day,
That smile is transcendently bright.

How lovely is Friendship like this, how Divine !
Her beauties perpetual bloom—
At morning, at noon, her full brilliance will shine,
She sheds a mild glance on life's gentle decline,
And solemnly rests on the tomb.

S. S.

THE SPIRIT AND THE FLESH.

The spirit darkly dwells
  Within its prison-clay;
And yet, at times, it swells
  Its bonds to disobey;
And grows in an endeavour,
For ever and for ever,
Its chain-links to dissever,
  And flee from earth away.

The body's high-born guest
  Has fitful bursts of pride;
Not always will it rest
  Tamely to earth allied:
Its great descent forth-showing,
  Its heavenly birth-right knowing,
It struggles to be going,
  And will not thus abide.

Then comes the mighty strife
  Of wrestling soul and clay:

The flesh contends for life,
And closes in the fray ;
The soul, its pinions shaking,
A wrathful effort making,
Stay after stay is breaking,
To rise and fly away.

Then fears indeed the flesh
Its prisoner will fly ;
It takes its hold afresh,
Unwilling thus to die ;
It grasps the cords remaining,
With fearful vigour straining,
And starts at death's first paining,
The last great throes to try !

With awful dread it shakes,
And agony of woe ;
A fierce death-grasp it takes
Upon its fiery foe ;
And, with wild madness swelling,
It drags the soul rebelling
Back to its fleshly dwelling,
And will not let it go !

Then sinks the soul in gloom,
And droops its heaven-ward pride,
And mourns that in its tomb
Of earth it must abide;
Yet knows that its endeavour
Will not be vain for ever,
The union to dissever
Of soul with flesh allied.

H. S. S.

HURRAH! FOR THE HOLLY!

Hurrah for the Holly! the true evergreen,
The plant that looks bright when most bright things have faded,
And which, when old Winter has spluttered his spleen,
Still shelters the stem that in summer it shaded;
So friends that in sunshine alone hover round,
And when poverty threatens fly off in a volley,
May turn to the tree that unchanging is found,
And learn that a lesson is taught by the Holly.
Hurrah for the Holly! the evergreen Holly,
Come weave me a wreath of its berries to night,

Its presence shall banish the churl, Melancholy,
And send us instead the young fairy, Delight.

Hurrah for the Holly ! its leaves may be rough,
But its pressure smacks not of Hypocrisy's tone,
And its branches though stunted and wayward enough,
Will die in support of their Emerald throne ;
Then sycophants, ye who betray with a smile,
And deem every breath of sincerity folly,
Reflect on the tree that has truly no guile,
And know that advice may be gained from the Holly.
Hurrah for the Holly ! the evergreen Holly,
Come weave a bright wreath of its berries to night,
Its presence shall banish the churl, Melancholy,
And send us instead the blythe fairy, Delight.

Hurrah for the Holly ! its berries of red
Are emblems of mirth that burn bright to the last,
When green with old age we have laughter instead,
That glows on our lips with the light of the past ;
Then fling away care to the den whence it came,
And light every minute with merriment jolly,
That age when it comes shall find us the same,
And know that a lesson we've learned from the Holly!

Then hurrah for the Holly! the evergreen Holly,
This wreath of its berries I'll treasure to-night!
Its presence has banished the churl, Melancholy,
And sent us instead its own fairy, Delight.

E. L. E.

LINES ON WOMAN.

When first this orb from Chaos sprung,
And light, and life, and hope were young,
At God's command, man rose from clay,
O'er all to dwell, o'er all to sway;
He'd all the bounties earth could give,
All that could raise the wish to live;
When o'er his temples slumber hung,
And from his side dear Woman sprung!
The last, the best, of all Create,
Earth's brightest gem, man's best helpmate,
To sooth, to heal, his life to bless,
His griefs forget, in her caress.
Endow'd with every grace to charm,
How base the heart that could thee harm:
From age to age, in every land,

In every clime, 'twas thy kind hand,
Thy pleasing look, thy blush, thy sigh,
Kept human hearts in harmony.
Time travelled on, we find thee now
The same kind friend in weal or woe;
Tho' ill requited for thy care,
We find thee willing yet to share
Man's hopes, his fears, his joy and pain,
And with thy smiles, bid pleasure reign—
His faults o'erlook, and still to find
Some kind excuse for being kind.

J. G. B.

PEACE ON ALL.

Blessed Peace! on downy wing,
To us vexed mortals sing!
Pensive eyes, that often weep,
Close them in thy placid sleep;
Take the sacred and troubled souls
In thy mantle's softest folds;

Breath on murmuring lips thy bliss,—
Seal them with thy mother-kiss.
Hear our call,
And let tears cease,
Oh blessed Peace,
Descend on all!

Some, amidst the press of life,
In its hurry, noise, and strife,
Try to drown the hoarse-voiced soul,
Asking for its higher goal;—
Others, writhing under sin,
Live a life of struggling;
Now in Hope, the sunny fair,—
Now in torturing Despair!
Poor tempest-tost!
Oh Peace, descend,
And healing send,
Ere they are lost.

Mourner, bending to thy fate—
Martyr, with thy heart still great—
Child of poverty and sighs—
Child of sin, with downcast eyes—

Man may wrong, but God is just;
Gaze, then, upward, firm in trust.
Life is fleeting; on His breast
Seek to sink in child-like rest.
Oh, Peace, the bright,
Let them not grieve,
For life's short eve
Will soon bring night!

Nations, why is hatred stirr'd?
Love should be the sweet watch-word:
Earth is mother to ye all,
Soon you must obey her call,—
Each must take the final rest
On that ancient mother's breast.
Ye're on foreign travel sent,
But your steps are homeward bent;
Join, then—join, then, hand in hand,
With your eyes on father-land.'
Anger smother—
Ye can never
Wish to sever
Your own brother!

Holy Peace! o'erspread each land—
Make us one harmonious band;
On thy noiseless wing flit by,
Seen within the brightened eye,
Bringing blessed, healing balm—
Making souls serene and calm,
So that at life's muffled bell
We may softly breathe 'farewell!'
Heaven, hear our call!
Ere day is spent
May there be sent
Peace—peace on all!

MARIE.

REDBREAST IN CHURCH.

"The creature itself shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God."

What is this sudden thrill
Of note so sweet and keen?
The organ's waves of sound are still
Within the awful screen.
In prayer are bowed both head and knee,

And yet unbidden rings, and free,
A chant from one unseen.

A winged chorister,
From his arched nook on high,
Makes in the calm a gladsome star,
His proper melody:
A redbreast blithe, his evening hymn
Trying amid the shadows dim,
Attracts both ear and eye.

Nor time nor tune are there,
Yet sounds the unruly joy
Meet for the hour, nor spoils the prayer
Even of the gazing boy.
It seems to say, "Not man alone
Lives in the shade of Jesus' Throne."
And shares the saints' employ."

The angels out of sight
Worship with us, we know;
And who can say what pure warm light
The unreasoning tribes below
May by their kindly wafting feel?

What gleams to guile, what balms to heal,
From Christ on earth may flow?

Bird, beast, and insect, hail
Warm sun and fragrant shower;
The sheep in Bethlehem's thymy dale,
In blessed Mary's bower
The ox and ass—to them was given
To see our Lord: the light of Heaven
Fell on them in that hour.

And since our Lord she bare
In triumph to His place,
One patient beast hath seemed to wear
The mark of His high grace,
His token to dumb creatures, freed
From slavery and unholy deed,
From cruel tasks and base:

Freed by the mighty Cross,
And pure.—O mark it, all
Who bear that sign! O fear and loss,
Should ye again enthral
To woe and wrong His creatures, sealed

For blessing, aid to earn and yield,
As ere our father's fall!

RUTH.

She stood breast high amid the corn,
Clasped by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,
Deeply ripened—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell;
Which were blackest none could tell:
But long lashes veiled a light
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim;

Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks.

"Sure," I said, "Heaven did not mean,
Where I reap thou should'st but glean!
Lay thy sheaf adown, and come,
Share my harvest and my home."

THOMAS HOOD.

THE FRIEND BORN FOR ADVERSITY.

Seest thou the grey rock,
Where moss-tufts have thrown
A fairy-like beauty
Around the bare stone?
Seest thou the old oak,
Where wild vines have braided,
With spirals of rich green,
Its foliage faded?

So friends may neglect thee,
And leave thee forlorn;

So the world may reject thee,
With hatred and and scorn;
But trust thou the Saviour,
And his love will be,
Like the moss to the rock,
Like the vine to the tree.

REV. T. C. COWAN.

THE TEARS OF EVE.

A LEGEND OF CEYLON.

(The Cingalese believe that the garden of Eden was in Ceylon, and that some broken rocks on the north-west, between that Island and Hindostan, are the remains of the Bridge over which Adam passed when driven out of Eden.)

Chine of the Sun! there's many an isle
That glows beneath thy brilliant smile,
And gems thy radiant zone;
But oh! of all that sparkle there,
The first, the fairest of the fair,
Is forest-crowned Ceylon!

When evening brings the cooling breeze,
Yet will a silver-haired Cing'lese,
Point to the jutting rocks, which bar
The western gulf of th' Manar,
And tell, in mournful tone,
How Adam, by that passage driven,
Was forced to leave his earthly heaven.

Half had he reached the farther shore,
Half-way his sobbing partner bore;
He paused—he felt his bosom swell,
And turned to take a last farewell.
Despair had damped his brow withdew,
Yet silent was his stern adieu;
But she nor sob nor scream suppressed,
And fainting, sunk upon his breast.

"The pearls which o'er that ocean's beat
The tossing billows heave,
Know ye their source?" the old man said
"They were the Tears of Eve."

REV. T. C. COWAN.

LINES

On Dubuff's Picture, "The Temptation."

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE WIDOW'S OFFERING.

Heavens! what a scene!—'tis paradise indeed!
Elysium in all its balmy essence,
Pure from the rich, exhaustless fount of heaven.
The glowing landscape, clothed with blushing flowers,—
Whose leaves ne'er felt the winter's withering blast,
Might woo even angels from their bright abode,
T' enjoy the fragrance of its dewy gems.
But how shall words from poets' pen pourtray
The matchless beauty of the god-like pair
Reclining on yon shelving, mossy bank,—
The first,—and sole inheritors of bliss?
O! who could gaze upon their faultless forms,
(Fresh from the hands of the Omnipotent)
And trace in them the cause of endless woe?
Venus!—whom gods have worshipped and adored,—
Could never boast such pure, celestial charms
As breathe through every feature, unadorned,
Of Eve—first daughter from the realms of light.

The golden tresses, thrown in negligent
Luxuriance upon a bosom, pure
And spotless as the lilly bathed in dew ;
The joyous eyes, whose silent language fill
The heart with glowing, rapturous love ; and lips
Suffused with sweetest, virgin smiles,—proclaim
Her Love's fair Goddess, brightest gem of earth !
While *he* ! the primal ruler of the land,
Stands forth, the master workmanship of God !
What majesty, what nobleness of mien !
And so proportioned, faultless are each limb ;
His form surpasses even the utmost thoughts,
And puts perfection to the very blush.
If form and beauty were alone desired,
In *them* are concentrated every grace
T' adorn the primal parents of the world !

Ah ! let me gaze once more on that fair face,—
Too faultless, pure, and beautiful for earth.
See how her melting eyes are bent on his,
As wooingly she hands the tempting fruit,
Anxious that her beloved lord shall share
With her the sweet delicious treat : while he,—
Still mindful of th' obedience he owes

To Him who said, "'The day thou eat'st thereof
Thy bliss shall end, and thou shalt surely die!"—
Looks up with hesitation in his gaze,
And fain would read the oracles of Heaven.
Behold, the wily serpent marks that look,
And tries his art upon the beauteous fair,
That she may consummate his dark design.

Insidious tempter! harbinger of death!
Withold the cursed snare which aims to blast
The new-born joys, and happiness, and peace,
Of yonder lovely and still happy pair.
Seek other reptiles, subtle as thyself,
To perpetrate thy hellish work; nor dare
T' intrude within the blissful bowers, where dwell
Earth's fairest forms—the images of God!

J. W. KING.

THE SOUL'S PASSING.

It is ended!—all is over!
Lo, the weeping mourners come,—
Mother, father, friend and lover,
To the death-encumbered room;

Lips are pressed to the blessed
Lips that evermore are dumb.

Take her faded hand in thine—
Hand that no more answereth kindly;
See the eyes were wont to shine,
Uttering love, now staring blindly;
Tender-hearted, speech-departed—
Speech that echoed so divinely.

Runs no more the circling river,
Warming, brightening every part;
There it slumbereth cold for ever—
No more merry leap and start;
No more flushing cheeks to blushing—
In its silent home the heart.

Hope not answer to your praying;
Cold, responseless, lies she there.
Death, that ever will be slaying
Something gentle, something fair,
Came with numbers, soft as slumbers—
She is with him otherwhere.

Mother! yes, you scarce would chide her,
Had you seen the form he bore,
Heard the words he spoke beside her,
Tender as the look he wore;
While he proved her how he loved her,
More than mother—ten times more.

Earthly father, weep not o'er her!
To another Father's breast,
On the wings of love, he bore her
To the kingdom of the blest;
Where, no weeping eyelids keeping,
Dwells she now in perfect rest.

Friend! He was a friend that found her
Amid blessings poor and scant,
With a wicked world around her,
And within a heavenly want;
And supplied her, *home* to guide her,
Wings for which the weary pant.

Lover! Yes, she loved thee dearly!
When she left thee loved thee best!
Love, she knew, alone burns clearly
In the bosoms of the blest;

Love she bore thee watches o'er thee—
Is the angel in thy breast?

Mourners all! have done with weeping!
I will tell you what he said;
When he came and found her sleeping,
On her heart his hand he laid:
"Sleep is, maiden, sorrow-laden,
Peace dwells only with the dead.

"Wend with me across the river
Seems so bitter, *is* so sweet!
On whose other shore for ever
Happy, holy spirits greet;
Grief all over, friend and lover
In a sweet communion meet!

"Is it bitter, father, mother,
Lover, friend, to leave behind?
All their blessed loves, and other,
Come with me and thou shalt find—
Where thy spirit shall inherit
Perfect love and perfect mind."

Love that is to mortals given
Struggles with imperfect will;
Love alone that homes in heaven
Can its perfect self fulfil—
Where, possessing every blessing,
Still it grows, increases still!

"See, I bring thee wings to bear thee
To the blessed Angel home;
Dear ones dead, for ever near thee,
From thy side no more to roam:
Love encreased, wait those blessed
Till the living loved ones come!

"O'er the river!" Lo, she faltered
While he took her by the hand;
And her blessed face grew altered
As she heard the sweet command.
Father! lover! all was over!
So she passed to spirit land!

C. H. HITCHINS.

THE EMIGRANT'S THOUGHTS OF HOME.

Dear native land! although I roam
On other shores to seek a home,
My heart is still with thee;
My fancy hovers round each scene
That from my infancy has been
Treasured in memory.

I trace those happy joyous hours,
When life appeared a scene of flowers,
Of never-fading hue;
When hope was buoyant, impulse strong,
Bearing me on life's stream along,
Revealing objects new.

Oft when the toils of day are past,
And sleep has o'er my senses cast
Her soothing influence,
Imagination wanders o'er
The trackless deep to thy lov'd shore,
With retrospective glance.

I see again the village spire,
I hear again the humble choir,
Hymning their Maker's praise:
I enter that dear hallowed spot,
My home, my parent's humble cot,
The scene of happier days.

I feel my parents' fond embrace,
The warm tears streaming down each face,
Tears of delight and joy;
We circle round the cheerful fire,
And talk of things that never tire,
And never seem to cloy.

Old Tinker, blind and grey with years,
Soon as my well-known voice he hears,
Starts at the pleasing sound;
He barks a welcome, with the rest,
And whines a wish to be caress'd,
With many a sportive bound.

What powers of language can express
The joy I felt again to press
My Ann within my arms?

When I return her parting kiss,
So fond, so pure, so full of bliss!
So rich in nameless charms?

But, ah! the morning beam destroys
The dreams of past and fancied joys,—
The fond illusions fade.
I sigh o'er each remembered spot,
And breathe a fond "Forget me not,"
Dear absent village maid.

ALFRED EARNSHAW.

THE CONVICT.

[This Poem was written after reading a letter from a young man, of respectable parents, who was condemned for life, to a penal settlement, for forgery.]

Oh! will this life of horrors never cease?
Must all my future days be dark and drear?
Is there no friendly voice to whisper peace,
And from my cheek dispel the burning tear?

Ah! no, the law cries out, "'Tis now too late!'
All earthly happiness from me is fled:
The die is cast! I must submit to fate,
Or bring destruction on my guilty head.

Once I was happy, innocent, and free—
A mother's only hope, a father's pride;
My days were spent in artless gaiety,
And every look and wish was gratified.

What am I now? A guilty wretch, undone;
For life condemned to be a penal slave:
Here must I linger till life's glass is run,
Nor find relief but in a felon's grave.

I strive to hope, but hope can not console;
I would forget—but, ah! these galling chains,
At every step, re-pierce my very soul,
And chill the blood that curdles in my veins.

I look around, and there my aching eyes
Behold, enchained, a doomed and wretched band;
While some bemoan their lot with frantic cries,
And others curse the ground on which they stand.

Hardened in guilt, they still go reckless on—
They have no fear but in their tyrant's rod:
Regret for what has past, with them, is gone,—
They hate their fellow, and they love not God!

With this vile gang I herd from day to day,
Exposed to every storm and angry blast;
How oft I wish,—how fervently I pray,
That each succeeding day may be my last.

Had I but studied ever to fulfil
Each wish of her who loved her son so dear,
I might have been at home, and happy still,
And not a wretched, guilty convict here.

But wicked company hath been my bane,
And led me from the path of honesty;—
A path I never can retrace again,
Not even were I at this moment free.

And what a wretched prospect lies before,
Though years of punishment should be my lot,
Still must I wander on this lonely shore,
And die degraded, friendless and forgot.

From home and all its blessings far away,
From Parents, and each tie of friendship torn,
With bursting heart I weep both night and day,
And wish to Heaven that I had not been born.

A Mother's parting sobs now wring my heart,
A Mother's last adieu now racks my brain;—
"Unhappy boy; and is it thus we part?
And shall I ne'er behold thy face again?

"Is there no friend to come to thy relief,
Remove those manacles, and set thee free,
What! must thy future life be woe and grief?
A Felon, doomed to convict slavery?

"O! will they tear thee from my heart
My only child, and leave me to despair?
Oh God! assist me through this trying day,
Without Thy aid 'tis more than I can bear."

She held me frantic to her throbbing breast,
A pallid hue was o'er her features spread;
"His will be done," she cried, then sunk to rest,
The spell was broke, the vital spark had fled.

Now torn from all, for whom, I'd wish to live,
Deprived of her my dearest earthly friend;
To heaven I'll look—for God alone can give
My soul relief, and peace and pardon send.

May He! in pity hear my humble prayer,
Absolve me from my guilt and misery;
And take me to His kind and fostering care,
Till called to meet Him in Eternity.

J. W. KING.

THE WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

[The following lines are from the pen of an American lady, a member of the Society of Friends. It is stated that the poem was found in the house of a gardner, whom it had the happy effect of winning from the haunts of dissipation to his own domestic hearth]

You took me, William, when a girl,
Unto your home and heart,
To bear in all your after fate
A fond and faithful part;

And tell me, have I ever tried
That duty to forego,
Or pined there was no joy for me
When you were sunk in woe?

No; I would rather share your tears,
Than any other's glee,
For though you're nothing to the world,
You're all the world to me.
You made a palace of my shed,
This rough hewn branch a thorn:
There's sunlight for me in your smiles,
And music in your tone.

I look upon you when you sleep—
My eyes with tears grow dim;
I cry, "Oh, parent of the poor,
Look down from heaven on him.
Behold him toil from day to day,
Exhausting strength and soul;
Oh, look with mercy on him, Lord,
For thou canst make him whole."

And when at last relieving sleep
Has on my eyelids smiled,
How oft are they forbid to close
In slumber by our child?
I take the little murmerer
That spoils my span of rest,
And feel it is a part of thee
I lull upon my breast.

There's only one return I crave,—
I may not need it long,
And it may soothe thee when I'm where
The wretched feel no wrong.
I ask not for a kinder tone,
For thou wast ever kind;
I ask for no less frugal fare—
My fare I do not mind.

I ask not for attire more gay—
If such as I have got
Suffice to make me fair to thee,
For more I murmur not.

But I would ask some share of hours
That you on clubs bestow;
Of knowledge, which you prize so much,
Might I not something know?

Substract from meetings amongst men
Each eve an hour for me,
Make me companion of your soul,
As I may safely be;
If you will read, I'll sit and work,
Then think when you're away;
Less tedious I shall find the time,
Dear William, of your stay.

A meet companion soon I'll be
For even your studious hours;
And teacher of these little ones
You call your cottage flowers;
And it we be not rich and great,
We may be wise and kind,
And so my heart can warm your heart,
So may my mind your mind.

THE TWO WISHES.

One morn upon a rocky steep,
High up above the level earth,
Two youths escaped the bonds of sleep,
Felt first ambition's earliest birth—
Aspiring o'er the tardy race
Of common minds, that height to reach
Which towers above the common place,
Each turned his glowing thought to speech.

"Brother, I would," the elder cried,
"Like this high rock my fate might be—
Commanding nations far and wide
And famed throughout eternity;
O'er grovelling minds and puny things,
In kingly power to soar and soar,—
Mounting on still aspiring wings,
Forthshadowing God for evermore."

"Not thus, would I," the younger said,
"Pursue the pomp of lonely state;

A simple wreath should crown my head,
By simple goodness grown to great.
Would that my soul, like yonder sun,
Still blessing all, by all things blest,
Her glorious race of love might run—
God's poet from the East to West."

Each wish was heard—the years rolled by—
The golden time of youth fled past—
And changing with the changing sky,
To men these brothers grew at last :
The elder graced a kingly throne,
In purple splendour full arrayed.
The younger ruled by song alone,
And wing'd beneath the Sylvan shade.

Lesser in love than pride of power
His iron sway the elder bore—
Till, wrought to madness, one dark hour
Their fateful oath conspirers swore.
Not less in power than pride of love,
His truthful songs the younger sang,—
Till soon through every silvian grave
The lays of freedom loudly rang.

Through many a grade of strife and wrong
The tyrant's power and love declined ;
Through many a golden sphere of song
Still upward soared the poet's mind :
Till came at last the avenging hour
That brake for age the oppressor's rod,
That trampled down tyrannic power,
And crown'd the poet half a God.

And still again the years rolled by ;
And through a plain there went alone,
With gaze towards the sun-bright sky,
The poet—but the steep was gone.
Shivered beneath the lightning's shock,
Whose bolt its massy bulk had riven,
In crumbling fragments lay the rock,
While beamed the noontide sun in Heaven.

Still high above the exalted hills,
As on *that* wishful morn he shone,
That sun his burning throne fulfills
In love serene, sublime, alone.

And lofty powers on earth that frown
Unkindly on the mean below,
God's wrath still hurls in thunder down
'Neath Love's eternal changeless glow.

C. H. HUTCHINS.

ON AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

Mild offspring of a dark and sullen sire,
Thy slender form, so delicately fine,
Was nursed in whirling storms,
And cradled in the winds.

Then when young spring first questioned winter's sway,
And dar'd the sturdy blusterer to the fight,
Thee on this bank he threw,
To mark his victory.

In some low vale, the promise of the year,
Serene thou open'st to the tripping gale—
Secure and unobserved,
Thy tender elegance.

So virtue blooms in some low walk of life :
She rears her head, while every bleaching breeze
Thus on her blows—chastens her spotless purity
of heart,
And teaches her to bear the ills of human life.

Could we with such the ocean fill,
Were the whole world of parchment made—
Were every single stick a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade.

To write the love of God alone
Would drain the bason dry ;
For would the scrole contain the whole,
Though stretched from sky to sky.

THE FUNERAL BELL.

How solemnly the funeral bell
Strikes upon the listening ear;
It seems the awful truth to tell,
Our end is near.

It wakes to memory scenes gone by,
It rouses recollections clear,
Of friends who now in ashes lie,
To memory dear.

A warning voice seems in each tone,
Strong impress to the soul to hear;
It cries aloud to every one,
For death prepare.

Oh, when this weary dream is past,
And our remains beneath the sod,
May our freed spirit, with the blest,
Find grace with God.

ALFRED EARNSHAW.

THE SAILOR AND THE FLOWER.

Once when a storm had burst upon the main,
When urged through darkness on the wrecking shore,
The good ship struck: a floating fragment bore
A straggling sailor to a barren plain—
Where never human heart had worshipped God.

Where never human foot, save his, had trode.
"Would heaven," he said, "whilst gazing all around
He saw no human form, and heard no other sound
Than the hoarse winds' dreary death-charged staves,
To the wild tripping of the rock-rent waves—
"Oh, would to heaven the cruel sea had spared
One mate, wer't but the dog, who might have shared
With me this lot." But peeping from the ground,
He saw a flower, whose tender leaves of blue
Kind heaven had sprinkled o'er with freshest dew;
Then, with an eye up to the dread profound,
"Away," he cried, "away unholy fear,
Alone I am not, life and love are here!"

J. C. P.

THE VOICE OF THE POET.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE WIDOW'S OFFERING.

A glorious aim hath the poet's been,
Through the ages of the earth:
To him was known all the grace of love,
All the majesty of earth:

The priest would sometimes work for heaven,
And he sometimes worked for pay;
But the poet worked with right good will
For the truth of God alway.

He drew the veil from earth's wondrous things,
And gave to the mute a voice,
Gifted with speech that evermore
Bids listening hearts rejoice:
From beauty up to beauty still,
By tracks no step had worn,
He led the soul of his fellow man,
As it had been newly born.

And he pierceth now each gloomy pile
Where the tireless wheels go round,
Where a pale and a restless human band
Work on ever to their sound:
He diveth down to the darksome mine,
Where men, spectre-like, abide:
And searcheth out labour's dusky nooks
For the myriad hearts they hide.

And to each and all he crieth loud—
" Come forth, my brethren, come!
Come forth, and prove, though silent long,
That your souls were not born dumb!
That they are not deaf to the gladsome tones
By nature breathed around;
Nor blind to the beauty and the light
With which God's works abound!

" Come forth and see what a wondrous thing
Is the life men held so cheap,
That its fearful waste through ages past
Has made—even the angels weep!
Listen and learn all the powerlessness
Of the death that sought to bind,
With the chain of its earth-born tyranny,
Each thought of the deathless mind

" Come forth and learn (for the world, alas!
Has taught you another creed)
That the bond of your human brotherhood
Is a holy thing indeed!

And not to be lightly broken through
By the godless power of wrong,
For the nations of the earth shall own
Love's mightier power ere long.

"Come forth in the strength of that glad, free life,
The hope of that deep, true love;
And, with me, press on by the lights of earth
Till we reach the light above!
Dreading but this—as slaves to stand,
Sullenly chained apart,
On the golden shores of the better land,
Where all should have ONE heart!

"Where all must break from the mortal thralls
Failing on either hand;
Where all must yield up each earthly trust,
Frail as 'a rope of sand:'
Where what *has been* should be something kin
To what must *forever* be—
O, brothers, unto this glorious faith,
Gird up your souls with me!"

MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

FOR MY HEART'S FRIEND.

Unswayed by fortune's fickle wave,
A spirit gentle, and yet brave;
By action and endurance tried—
With self-respect that is not pride:
Dowered with clear intellect—the sense
That loveth truth, unmasks pretence;
And cannot with an idle tongue
Confound and torture right and wrong!
What noble qualities to blend
For my Heart's Friend.

Yet better still a loving heart,
Of constant temper; not the start
Of fierce, impulsive ecstacy,
That for a moment boundeth high,
Then dieth like an unfed flame,
Whose memory hath less joy than shame:
A loving heart loves many things—
I would not feed alone its springs,
But my love with the lovings blend,
Of my Heart's Friend.

A soul serene—yet one that could
Melt to a soft or sadder mood,
Perchance a thought more readily
Than take the tone of revelry;
Yet not for worlds so very wise
As not to join with laughing eyes
In children's glee, and frolic mirth,
Or welcome wit and humour's birth.
May gladness oft its sparkles lend
To my Heart's Friend.

And perfect faith that could withstand
Mean jealous doubts on either hand;
And love that "casteth out all fear,"
Ready to lend a willing ear
To free confession, even though
The records of our weakness flow,
Encouraging with tear or smile
The faultering powers of speech the while;
Until affection counsel blend
From the Heart's Friend.

Or if a graver thought there be
To blot the page of memory;

If folly should have merged in wrong,
Yet still to loose the fetter'd tongue,
And sink upon that faithful breast,
And feel fond arms around me pressed;
While for the pharisee's hard word,
Be pity and forgiveness heard;
And Love its mantling shield extend
Near the Heart's Friend.

I would not care for what degree
Of rank or age this Friend should be:
Yet circumstances mould so much
Poor human clay, that Friendship such
As this were likeliest to find
In equal station—kindred mind.
But what, so seeking, should we bring?
The struggle to deserve the thing
Perchance may to our longing send,
A dear Heart's Friend.

CAMILLA TOULMIN.

AN EVENING SCENE.

Thick clouds at evening gathered fold on fold;
The meek south-west an eye of wrath put on;
Hail rode the winds; red angry lightnings shone,
Firing the gloom; awakened thunders rolled.
Trembled earth's hills, as Sinai of old;
And guilt's dark cheek and heart grew faint and
and wan.
Rag'd for an hour the storm, and then was gone;
And heaven look'd forth, array'd in light and gold.
From the calm blue, the sun, descended low,
The gentle moon, above the southern groves,
With tincture bright, assurance gave of peace.
Then said a mother, "Hence my, children, know,
Tho' He afflict us, still the Almighty loves;
Soon does his wrath in tender mercy cease."

On hill, and vale, and tree, and herb, and flower,
An evening cloud was dropping down its dew;
From the fair west the sun his radiance threw,
Ere he retir'd within his ocean bower.
On wood and river, village, hall, and tower,

A rainbow, angel form, arose in view,
Of light's gay robes presenting every hue;
And pass'd soft breezes playing with the shower.
"A scene it is," with lively joyous eye,
Sister to sister said, 'neath verdant shade,
"To thrill the soul and wake its sweetest lays:
At such an hour, who will not lift on high
Both mind and heart to Him, who all things made,
And join in songs of gratitude and praise."

T. V.

TO A YOUTHFUL FRIEND.

And shall we part? It must be so,
When death our thread of life shall sever;
But not till life forgets to flow
Shall we be separated ever.

In friendship's bonds I've known thee long—
Methinks I know thee to the letter;
And every day that glides along,
I feel, sweet girl, I love thee better.

Thou, like myself, art young in years—
The world in prospect lies before thee;
But, ah! what blighted hopes and fears,
What clouds of anguish may break o'er thee!

Ere age has stamp'd upon that brow,
Serenely calm, the slightest wrinkle;
Ere yet thy lover breaks his vow,
Or e'en another star shall twinkle.

So swiftly do our prospects change
From light to dark—from joy to trouble;
And as they in each aspect range,
We feel that life is but a bubble;

Or bark upon the stream of Time,
Which storms of grief, or gales of pleasure,
May roll beneath a sullen clime,
Or waft to every choicest treasure:

Then circumspection make thy guide,
Nor care for golden circumstances;
The noblest heart has least of pride—
The least desire for worldly chances.

To try the world thou, too, wert sent,
And, Anna, may it ne'er deceive thee!
A life on earth in virtue spent,
In heaven, dear girl, at length will leave thee.

C. BLACK, M.D.

THE CIRCASSIAN WAR SONG.

[The following song relates principally to the heroic storming of the fortresses of Aboun, Ghelendik, and Thapsene, in the year 1840. The recent triumphs of the Circassians, under the chivalrous Schamil, will yet be sung in many a poetic lay; for the extraordinary resistance of the Circassians to the Russian arms attracted, at the time, the attention of the whole of Europe.]

A shout from the mountains!
The hunters are near,
But their horn is not wound
For the chase of the deer.
The sons of Circassia
Have clasp'd on their mail;—
They are bloodhounds that hang
On the Muscovites' tail.

They have hunted the robber
From forest to shore;
And the sands of the Euxine
Are red with his gore.
Woe! woe to the yellow beards,
Woe to their Czar,
When the flame on our hills
Calls our chieftains to war.

His blood shall run cold,
And his cheek shall be wan,
When he hears of the corpses
That load the Cuban;
And the howl of his host,
As they sank in its stream,
Shall poison his banquet
And madden his dream.

We march'd through the midnight,
We march'd through the noon,
At evening we saw
The grim walls of Aboun.
Like a lion, it bask'd
On the brow of its hill;

At midnight it roar'd,
But at morning was still.

We tam'd it with fire,
And we chok'd it with blood;
Now the gore-blackened ground
Alone shows where it stood.
Hurrah! for the morn
When the proud Ghelendik fell!
What cared the Circassians
For shot or for shell?

Tho' her ramparts were blazing
With rocket and gun,
The hearts of the sons
Of the mountains were one.
What if fire came like thunder,
And balls fell like hail,
Ten thousand white skeletons
Now tell her a tale.

Hurrah! for the sunset
That show'd us Thapsene;
We roused up its wolves
From their marble ravine.

'Twas lovely to see,
In the twilight's rich fold,
Its sun-coloured towers
Of ruby and gold;

Rut 'twas lovelier to see,
In the morning's pale haze,
The smoke, like a shroud,
That o'erhung its last blaze.
The wolves of that cavern
No longer shall prowl;
Their hunter was death—
We have heard their last howl.

Pale slaves of the Czar,
What ye sow ye shall reap;
We care not for hunger,
We care not for sleep.
We are falcons—we rush
Up the cannon-crown'd ridge;
Our feet are our wings,
And our bodies our bridge.

We laugh at your cannon,
We trample your gold,—

We have rifles and hearts—
Soon your tale shall be told.
We saw the Black Eagle,
We see it no more;
We have redden'd its plumage
In Muscovite gore.

We have cut off its talons,
And blunted its beak;
Let it frighten the Persian,
Or feed on the Greek;
Let it pounce on the Turk,
Or the Pole in his fen;
But no heart of Circassia
Shall gorge it again.

HOME.

What feelings crowd the throbbing breast,
And thrill through every vein,
When called to part from those we love,
No more to meet again!

We think of happy, youthful days,
And each endearing scene,
When in our boyish gaiety
We frolick'd on the green ;—

The village church, the peaceful glen,
And humble cottage, too,
Beneath whose ivy-covered roof
The entwining woodbine grew.

With scenes like these, so fraught with joy,
Smiling on every hand,
Oh ! who could leave without regret,
His dear, his native land ?

Though years have passed since last I saw
That home to memory dear,
Fancy oft brings it to my sight,
And starts the trembling tear.

My mother's last embrace I feel,
And see her tearful eye ;
My father's blessing still I hear—
"God bless you, boy !...good bye."

J. W. K.

HYMN.

Jehovah, spirit infinite, enthroned
Upon eternity, invisible
Amidst the beams of uncreated light,
And unapproachable by angel, man,
Or aught that Thou hast made, who can compare
Aught with Thy glory, Lord of heaven and earth?

Time is a momentary birth from Thee—
Eternity, Thy shadow changing not—
And the great universe which Thou didst make,
The creature of a day before Thy face:
Which of Thy works can grasp Thy mystery?
Thou, the unsearchable I Am, enrobed
With immortality, and secret fount
Of being, emanation vast from Thee!
Before these heavens and earth woke at thy voice,
Thou wert from everlasting, and the thought
Which Thou hast given us, as a ray of Thine,
Droopeth her wing, amidst the far abyss,
Where Thou didst dwell in darkness and in light,
Alpha of glory, God unworshipped,

Thyself the universe, and in Thyself,
As in an orb of godhead limitless,
Blessed, as now, when millions worship Thee,
And firmaments of light unveil Thine hand !

Thy creatures change—the whirlwind rusheth by,—
The cataract passeth—e'en the mountains bow,—
Mighty yet transient shadows,—but Thy throne
Is built on an eternal adamant,
And Thou dost sit thereon for evermore,
Girt with immutability ; thy yore
The same, though heaven become a burning scroll,
The earth a flame, the firmament a tree,
Shedding its worlds like leaves, and life and death,
And all things be as they had never been !

Spirit of spirits who can look on Thee ?
The cherubim are veiled before Thy throne,—
They are Thine elder children, and Thy love
Girt them with glory, next to infinite :
Veiled they stand, before the Light of light,
Dazzling and unendurable by them—
They view Thy splendours in the Heaven of heavens,
Beams brighter far than these which round us shine;

Yet lift not up the glance from them to Thee,
Who shin'st upon them, Fountain of all rays,
Great central light, to whom the little sun,
Which Thou hast kindled in our darker sky,
On which our mortal vision looketh not,
Is an eclipse!

Thine angels worship Thee;
And in Thy temple, which Thy glory filleth,
As with a smoke, the winged Seraphim
Day without night, respond Thy awful name!
Thee do they celebrate,—Thee, Lord of Hosts,—
Unto each other crying that Thou art,
Holy, holy, holy! and the whole earth
Full of thy glory.

Angels worship Thee—
The hierarchies of light, with song and lyre,
As sound of many waters, and the shout
Of mighty thunderings, unto Thee they raise
Their Hallelujahs: with one heart, one mind,
As with one voice, Thy Spirit in them moves—
Riseth before Thy presence!—

How shall we,
Who are but dust and ashes, worship Thee!
Lord, Father, Saviour, how shall we upraise
Our cries to Thee?—how rise, from Thee so strayed,
So sinning against Heaven and in Thy sight,
And no more worthy to be called of Thee
Thy children,—to look up and meet Thy face?
Yet did we fail to hymn Thee, the mute stones
Would find a tongue to celebrate Thy praise
Who should be found to glorify Thy name,
As we, Thine erring children, yet thine still?
For ever thine, so ransomed by Thee,—
By Thee recovered from eternal death,—
By Thee, with such a majesty of love,
As holds Thy creatures in astonishment!
And though Thy suffering Church, seem silent now,
Yet shall it wake, from the whole heart of earth,
Hozannahs to thy glory, that shall lead
The chorus of all beings on to Thee!

Here in Thy shadow, at the midnight hour,
Under this canopy of starry worlds,
Whilst standing on the moonlight earth, I feel
Thy burning presence;—everywhere diffused,

It kindled, with a still magnificence,
This mighty temple—not with living shout,
As in those viewless heavens, where the sons
Of immortality awake the hymn
To thy great name! but without voice it spreads,
And reigns, and every star, though mute—each cloud,
Though sleeping on the bosom of the sky—
The earth with its high dome, though motionless,
As in surcharge of beauty, and entranced,
Yet speak, with an unuttered eloquence,
Thy Spirit, that doth walk the lighted scene
Invisibly, in visible array
Of loveliness, as an effulgent robe.

.

These heavens and earth display Thy glory, Lord!
This firmament, Thy throne majestical—
The throne—the canopy—the regal state—
The robe imperial, gemmed with worlds as stars—
Those orbs within the hollow of Thine hand—
Thy smile we see, Thyself invisible,—
Whilst midst the shadowy night, Thy viewless feet
Are planted on the earth and on the sea,
Thy footstool!

God omnipotent! whose hand
Upreared of old this wondrous monument,—
Enduring hieroglyph of Thy great name,—
Millions of giant worlds, when Thou didst call,
Came flashing from the night of nothingness!
Then stood a marshalled host, and winged for flight:
Thou spakest, and they went on their bright way,—
Swift wheeled at once the starry universe,
Circling amidst the infinite of space—
Amazing revolution, urging on
With all its world-revolving firmaments,
In silence and eternal harmony.
Nor doth Thy finger weary of her work:
Still do we glimpse thine arm and hear thy voice—
The sun obeys Thee, climbing as of old,
His mountain tops, and, journeying on his way,
Doth glorify the earth, whose crimsoned hills
Receive him sitting on his evening throne.
The night obeys thee, with her evening star,
And solemn shadow in a deepening sky!
Her rich emblazoning Thou dost unroll—
The spangled azure, and the risen moon,
Uplifted, like a lamp, to light her clouds,
Thy minister of beauty to the earth!

So day and night obey Thee as they change,
And shall obey, until a greater change
Engulf their revelations, and unfold
Eternity upon the wreck of time.

Thou hast created a new heavens and earth,
This visible excelling, and arrayed
With immortality—invisible
Amid the visible—wherein is glassed
Thy Godhead, with its glorious attributes,
Unutterably bright, and all displayed,
Else hidden from our view, or dimly seen.
Thou didst create them by thy powerful word—
"'Tis finished"—and instantly unrolled
A firmament of mercy on mankind.

Time, with eternity its horizon,—
Thyself, its greater light, the risen sun
Of righteousness, with healing on his wings,—
Thy Church, its lesser, through the night of time,—
Its stars, the ministers of righteousness,—
Its breath, thy Spirit,—its inhabitants,
Children of men, baptized from above,
With Paradise regained, the image prime

Of God and sight of things invisible;
Its storms and whirlwinds—tribulations deep;
Its scenery, truth, resplendent universe,
With visions of far glories, in a sky,
Beyond the horizon of the shadowy tomb,
And luminous with an orb that never sets,
Throned in eternal splendours, where no cloud
Rolls but of glory, and no tempests reach.
Where love, and peace, and might, and cloudless bliss,
The joy of life and immortality,
Do tabernacle in each throbbing heart,
And God is all and in all evermore,—
Where of the bright creation Thou art Head;
Thy worshippers meanwhile, as ocean waves,
On rolling, in the sunshine of Thy face,
Praise interminable, and worthy Thee!
Oh! haste the vision which Thy prophet saw,
Whilst sojourning upon his rocky isle!—
Vision of Thee, the Faithful and the True,
Crowned with many crowns, and with a robe
Girded of blood, and on Thy snowy steed,
Leading the glorious chivalry of heaven
Onwards to battle and to victory.
The night yet broodeth on the earth and heavens;

Thy Church is struggling in her vale of tears;
The heathen, thine inheritance, are sitting
In darkness, and do perish desolate;
The nations are in trouble, and the groan
Of death ascendeth on each gale to heaven!
Ride in Thy Majesty, and with Thy sword
Smite the round trembling world: send forth the word
"Let there be light," and earth shall worship Thee,
Blooming once more, the Eden of our God,
Its second Adam, Thou. the Lord from Heaven!

SAMUEL MORE RICHARDS.

OLD TIME.

"Take time by the forelock."

Stop, old boy, with your beard of grey,
Lay aside your scythe for a season,
And tarry a moment; you've come a long way,
Running at this rate I'm sure won't pay,
So listen for once to reason.
Old time sped on with his nimble tread,
And my courage began to fail;
For vainly I tried to reach his head,
But I only clutch'd his tail.

"Mortal," says he, "since the world began,
A winning race I've been ruuning with man;
In Summer or Winner, Autumn or Spring,
Nothing can stay my rapid wing:
For every country and every clime
Is ripening fast for the scythe of time.
So, mortal desist,—'tis of no avail,
Detain me you can't, *for I've soap'd my tail.*

THE MARINER'S ADIEU.

Adieu! to my home and the friends that are weeping!
Old England, with sorrow I leave thee once more.
Adieu, my dear babe, on thy mother's breast sleeping,
We part p'rhaps to meet on eternity's shore.
O'er the world of wide waters my bark's slowly gliding,
And Albion's high cliffs grow less on my view;
Hark, hark! in the canvass the tempest is chiding—
Oh, my country—my friends—I bid you adieu!

O'er the mountainous billows, as lonely I wander,
And leave all I love—all I cherish—behind;

On the days that are past my memory shall ponder,
And scenes ever cheering I'll call to my mind.
"The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness"
Have thrill'd in my breast as I roam'd thro' the dew,
And I sigh that such strains have run into sadness,
While my country—my friends—I bid you adieu!

Tho' my dear native land in anguish I'm leaving,
In pleasure's bright hour may I hail it again;
And still may the light from those souls that are grieving
Emblazon each link in remembrance's chain.
The moments that vanish—each thought on the morrow
Affection shall tinge with a cherishing hue,
As darkly I look through the vista of sorrow,
To my country—my friends—and bid them adieu!

C. BLACK.

BEAUTY'S TEAR.

On damask cheeks there stood a tear
(As the bright dew-drop gems the rose),
That had within its little sphere
A world of passions to disclose.

The moonbeams kissed that lovely face,
And gave the tear a thousand hues;
'Twas heaven smil'd upon the vase
That nature filled with sweetest dews.

'Twas not the mystic tear of grief,
That luxury to sorrow given,
Which gives the burthen'd heart relief,
And bids young hope look up to heaven;
Nor magic drop that's rais'd by mirth,
And laughter-lover's o'er the bowl,
Who there mistake the bubble's birth,
And hail it as the flow of soul.

'Twas not the tear for glory's bed
That well'd at some triumphant strain,
Nor peevish drop ambition shed,
That wept another world to gain;
Nor love's soft pledge in lonely bower,
When birds seem'd listening to his lay,
Delusive token of an hour
Some fair one's 'kerchief wipes away.

'Twas beauty's form with rapture fir'd,
And nature's fine imaginings,

As music's lyre the muse inspir'd,
And woke at once its sweetest strings;
'Twas pure emotion's sacred spell
That made her face divinely fair,
And as the o'erfraught trembler fell,
The soul's pure essence mingled there.

JESSE HAMMOND.

NON-PROPOSALS; OR DOUBTS RESOLVED.

I wonder when 'twill be our turn
A wedding here to keep!
Sure Thompson's "flame" might quicker burn,
His "love" seems gone to sleep!
I wonder why he "hums" and "haws,"
With 'kerchief at his nose;
And then makes one expecting pause,—
Yet still he don't propose!

I wonder whether Bell or Bess
It is he most admires;
Even Mistress Match'em cannot guess—
It really patience tires!

He hung last night, o'er Bella's chair,
And things seemed at a close;
To-day 'twas Bess was all his care,
But yet he don't propose!

He's gone to concert, play, and ball,
So often with them now,
That it must seem to one and all
As binding as a vow.
He certainly *does* mean to take
One of the girls, and close
The life he leads—the flirting rake!
But yet he don't propose!

I often wonder what he thinks
We ask him here to do;
Coolly he Cockburn's claret drinks,
And wins from me at Loo!
For twenty months he's dangled on,
The foremost of their beaux;
While half a dozen else have gone,—
And still he don't propose!

No matter—'tis a comfort, though,
To know he will take *one*;

And even tho' Bess and Bella go,
He still may fix on Fan!
I'll have him in the family,
That's sure—But, why, you look—
"Oh! madam, Mister Thompson's just
Got married to his cook!——"

THE LONE SHEEP BELL.

Ah! when I stroll at early eve,
By verdant meads or flowery dell,
To share its charms before they leave,
I like to hear the lone church bell.

Far from the mazy cares of town,
I love such quiet scenes so well,
That I despise the world's renown,—
Content to hear the lone sheep bell.

Lov'd be the mead and silent stream,
Which, for the future, oft will tell
Of time smiled on by friendship's gleam,
Where now I hear the lone sheep bell.

I stop, as if on fairy ground—
My thoughts are fix'd as with a spell;
Whilst stillness reigns supreme round,
Broke only by the lone sheep bell.

This world may have its gilded yoke,
But here would I in friendship dwell;
Beneath the elm or rugged oak,
Converse—and hear the old sheep bell.

I strive but cannot keep from mind,
That I to them must bid farewell;
At morrow's dawn, leave all behind—
The friends, the scene, the lone sheep bell.

C. BLACK.

SONNET.

"Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Why think we of the morrow anxiously?
Sufficient for the day, the ills it brings;
And some, perchance, the past behind him flings:

We gaze upon the future's murky way
Through eyes still wet with tears of yesterday,
And suffer woes unborn, fear's willing slave.
A duty to the future mortals have—
'Tis done, the present well employed,—when they
Blot not the page of time, nor plant the sting
Of vain regret—assassin of our peace!—
From this a hidden might and joy shall spring
Kings cannot give, nor tyranny decrease,
Nerving the mind (prone, faithless, to despond)
To scale the cliffs of time, and calmly gaze beyond.

SAMUEL HUGGINS.

THE RHINE.

Oh, the Rhine! the Rhine! the exquisite Rhine!
River of beauty, thy streaks are sublime—
When weary and sad I sit myself down,
And lounge on thy banks when daylight has flown.

Oh, the Rhine! the Rhine! the beautiful Rhine!
How sweet are thy joys when sunbeams decline;
So rich are thy landscapes, what heavenly fare
Thou afford'st to the mind when weary with care.

Oh, the Rhine! the Rhine! the imperial Rhine!
Exhausted and sad, on thy shore I recline.
To seek the fond boon of the relics that lie
In the depths of thy charm, thy rival defy.

Oh, the Rhine! the Rhine! the glistening Rhine!
So rich, so pure—extatic, and divine!
Tempt me no longer with thy spelling chain;
I must away—but to return again.

H. MANDER MAY.

LOOK AT THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Look at the bright side! The sun's golden rays
All nature illumines—the heart of man cheereth:
Why wilt thou turn so perversely to gaze
On that dark cloud which now in the distance appeareth?

Look at the bright side! Recount all thy joys;
Speak of the mercies which richly surround thee;
Muse not for ever on that which annoys;
Shut not thine eyes to the beauties around thee.

Look at the bright side! Mankind it is true,
Have their failings, nor should they be spoken of lightly;
But why on their faults thus concentrate thy view,
Forgetting their virtues which shine forth so brightly.

Look at the bright side! and it shall impart
Sweet peace and contentment, and grateful emotion,
Reflecting its own brilliant hues on thy heart,
As the sunbeams that mirror themselves in the ocean.

Look at the bright side!—nor yield to despair:
If some friends forsake, yet others still love thee;
And when the world seems mournful colours to wear,
Oh! look from the dark earth to heaven above thee.

THE FALL OF PRIDE.

The flash of ambition has glar'd from afar,
And wak'd into rage the whole thunder of war:
The storm, still increasing, in fury draws nigh,
And scowls over those who must bide it or die.

The swift chariot wheels of the ruler of Gaul
Are in motion; and myriads have march'd at his call!
His horses are prancing—his spear, in its form,
Red shines like the thunderbolt hurl'd from the storm.

The nations are humbled—they bleed, they expire,
O'erwhelm'd by the hurricane rush of his fire:
He stalks on their fall with a demon-like stride—
Exults in their overthrow, bloated with pride.

One kingdom there is—the green isles of the sea,
The seat of high honour, the land of the free!—
That meets his keen eye with an eye keener still,
And forth puts her arm, stern opposing his will.

She calls on her sons to arise and maintain
Of virtue and freedom the throne and the reign;
And at once, at her word, in their might they have rush'd
To the meeting of him that enslav'd: he is crush'd—

Is fallen, tho' strong, by the stroke of the brave;
Yea, he that led captive himself is a slave:
Away on a speck of the ocean he dies,
Mid the storms of the earth and the frowns of the skies.

And the nations revive like the woods in the spring,
And the herbs of the field, when fierce winter is o'er:
Oh! now may they flourish in peace: may they sing
Songs of joy, by ambition afflicted no more.

Great God of earth's nations, and hosts of high heaven,
Oh! turn us in mercy from Satan to Thee!
Let war into uttermost darkness be driven,
And peace cover earth, as the waters the sea.

T. V.

THE POET'S GRAVE.

The winds were hush'd, and Cynthia's light
Illumed the star-bespangled sky;
The bat had wheel'd his drowsy flight,
And birds forgot their melody;
When, 'neath the moonbeam's playful smile,
The drooping willows kiss'd the wave,
We met one fleeting hour to while,
And muse above a poet's grave.

The silent mound before us lay,
And nought of life then shelter'd there;
For genius' still expanding ray
Had sought another distant sphere—
Its mortal garb had left behind,
From which a flow'ret drew its birth;
To mount the pinions of the wind,
And rise beyond the bounds of earth.

We thought upon that harp unstrung—
We mused upon its glory past—
The hand that o'er its chords was flung—
The strains it woke, too sweet to last.
We mourn'd the minstrel's early doom,
The youthful bard's seraphic fire;
Whilst fancy, hovering o'er his tomb,
Caught, faintly, sounds of heavenly lyre.

We listen'd to the distant strain,
And deem'd there was a world above,
Where broken spirits meet again,
To meet the fruits of endless love.

We cast the tear-drop from our eye;
We calm'd the breast's tumultuous swell;
And learned at length that but to die,
Was with our cherish'd bard to dwell.

C. BLACK.

THE RING DOVE.

Piercing the many-blossom'd wild wood spray,
How winningly the ring-dove's music floats!
And what a luxury of sad, sweet notes
The silver-bosom'd hermit flings away!
Cooing and cooing all the live-long day,
With such persuasive softness—you might deem
The very waters of the neighbouring stream
Took their deep meaning from his tender lay.
Thine is a melody, oh! meek-eyed dove,
Not easily forgotten or passed,
Teaching a quiet lesson of deep love;
And hope, that may not droop, and cannot die;
And faith, enduring as the stars above,

CONSUMPTION.

(This piece is extracted from a volume of Poems published by Miss Cursham, and presented to Mrs. Kay by the late Archbishop of York.)

I watch'd a lovely flower, whose swelling bud
Disclos'd th' expanding form of womanhood,
On rapid pinions time appear'd to soar,
And the first blush of dawning youth was o'er;
Her charms matur'd, in brighter lustre shone,
Around her path a loftier charm was thrown;
Her step was firmer—on her fair cheek grew
A deeper rose of health and freshnsss, too,

Days, weeks, and lingering months roll'd on,
And the clear lustre of that eye was gone!
True, it was bright, surpassing bright, nay seem'd
To shine more tenderly—but still it gleam'd
With feelings scarcely touch'd with mortal leaven,
And thoughts which breath'd much less of earth than heaven.
Another month, in hasty movement, sees
That cheek grown sicklied o'er with pale disease;

That eye, bedimm'd with weary days of grief,
Long watchful nights of pain and slumbers brief;
That form attenuated, bow'd at length
To wasting languor, through decaying strength,
O'er feeble limbs and fluttering pulses spread,
Too plainly prov'd life's vital powers were fled.
Faltering, she stood on life's descending slope,
Yet still her beaming eye invited hope.
Ah! vain each gentle artifice she tries—
Her soothing words, though clothed in sweet disguise,
O'er every list'ning ear in anguish fall,
Like the dark shade of her funereal pall:
And, standing thus on life's extremest verge,
As glides the dying Swan's mellifluous dirge,
So the sweet accents of that fleeting breath
Sound like the cruel harbingers of death.

Imagination! nurse of fond deceit,
How soon reality destroys thy cheat!
More feeble grew each pulse and wasting limb,
More deadly pale her cheek—her eye more dim;
Stretch'd on the couch of sickness as she lay,
Wearing her less'ning fund of life away,
Delusion fled with fond affection's sigh,

And fate proclaim'd, "this tender plant must die."
How fell that summons, fraught with awful truth,
On the bright visions of elastic youth?
Had life no blessings it were hard to leave?
No joys o'er which a blighted heart might grieve?
Had stern affliction, e'en in youth's soft prime,
Reap'd the sad harvest which belongs to time?
Dissolv'd a world's enchantment? Ah! no wonder,
When grief has rent the chords of life asunder,
The soul, unshackled, from its cares should flee,
And seek thy resting place—eternity!

Was *such* thine impulse, sainted maiden? No,
The dark vicissitude of things below
By thee alone was known, in precepts sage,
Or in the sacred volume's hallowed page;
The charm which sparkled in thy fading eye
Dried every tear and hush'd each rebel sigh;
Or, bent in fervent prayer, thy suppliant knee
Was matchless faith's untaught simplicity!
'Twas this which chas'd a world's delusive dream,
Making futurity a welcome theme—
Unclos'd the vista of approaching years,
And bade thee contemplate a vale of tears!

Dash'd pleasure's fountain from thy lip, in haste!
Ere the sweet poison thou had'st learnt to taste
Rest, maiden, rest within thy narrow cell!
Remembrance sleeps not with thy dust as well.
No! it shall linger o'er thy gentle worth,
And trace one spirit of celestial birth.
Still—through the glance of memory—still I see
That beaming look of gentlest courtesy;
That eye which sunk beneath the friendly gaze,
As drooping flow'rets shun meridian rays;
That air of patient sufferance which suppress
Each murmuring sigh, for calm, unbroken rest;
And seem'd to say, with smiling looks of love,
"I wait my summons to repose above,"—
That welcome summons hath arriv'd at last,
And heaven's immortal gates are safely past!

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

They grew in beauty, side by side,
They filled one house with glee—
Their graves are sever'd far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow;
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?

One, 'midst the forests of the West,
By a dark stream is laid;
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea hath one,
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the lov'd of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dress'd
Above the noble slain—
He wrapt his colours round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er *her* the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fann'd:
She faded midst Italian flowers,
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus, they rest who play'd
Beneath the same green tree—
Whose voices mingled as they pray'd
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheer'd with song the hearth—
Alas! for love, if *thou* wert all,
And nought beyond, on earth!

MRS. HEMANS.

A HEART TO BE LET.

To be let, at a very desirable rate,
A snug little house, in a healthy state;
'Tis a bachelor's heart, and the agent is Chance,
Affection the rent, *to be paid in advance.*
The owner, as yet, has liv'd in it alone,
So the fixtures are not of much value, but soon
'Twill be furnish'd by Cupid himself, if a wife
Take a lease *for the term of her natural life.*
Then ladies, dear ladies, pray do not forget,
An excellent bachelor's heart to be let.

The tenant will have a few taxes to pay,
Love, honor, and (heaviest item) OBEY !
As for the *good will,* the subscriber's inclin'd
To have that, if agreeable, settled in kind ;
Indeed, if he could such a matter arrange,
He'd be highly delighted to take in exchange,
Provided true title by prudence be shown,
Any heart *unincumber'd,* and free as his own.
So ladies, dear ladies, pray do not forget,
An excellent bachelor's heart to be let.

SOLITUDE.

It is not that my lot is lone,
That bids this silent tear to flow ;
It is not grief that bids me moan,
It is that I am all alone.

Through woods and glens I love to roam,
When the tired hedger hies him home ;
Or by the woodland pool to rest,
When pale the star sits on its breast.

Yet when the silent evening sighs
With hallowed airs and symphonies,
My spirits take another tone,
And sigh that they are all alone.

The Autumn's leaf is sear, and dead
It floats upon the water's bed.
I would not be a leaf, to die
Without recording sorrow's sigh.

The woods and winds, with sudden wail,
Tell all the same unvaried tale.
I've none to smile when I am free,
Nor, when I sigh, to sigh with me.

Yet, in my dreams, a form I view,
That thinks on me, and loves me, too:
I start, and, when the vision's flown,
I weep—because I'm all alone.

S. S.

THE CHRISTIAN BACHELOR'S RESOLUTIONS,

FORMED IN THE STRENGTH OF THE LORD,

RESPECTING THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

Were I dispos'd to seek a wife,
And leave my present single life,
Who should the object be?
Not she who is a slave to sin—
A carnal heart, and pride within:
She my affection ne'er can win;
She ne'er my bride shall be!

Is she possess'd of bags of gold?
To these my heart shall be as cold
As Greenland's frozen seas.
None but the maid who loves the Lord,
And glories in his death and name,
Content to bear his cross and shame,
Can e'er my fancy please.

This is the object of my choice,
Whate'er may be another's voice,
And cry up what they will!

Beauty or honour, wealth or fame,
Join'd with a merely moral name,
These I reject; my mind's the same,
A *gracious* damsel still!

Should you object,—"'Tis hard to find
An object suited to your mind!"
Yet patiently I'll wait.
The Lord, who knows his people well,
To whom my mind I freely tell,
He'll point the cottage where they dwell
And there I'll seek my mate.

Why should I anxiously concern,
And all my peace to trouble turn,
In seeking me a wife?
He who has always been my guide,
And none I dare to trust beside,
As he appoints, so I'll abide,
And thus remain for life.

Is it my kind director's will
That I remain unmarried still,
A single life's the best.

Has he decreed, in counsel wise,
That I to marriage honour rise,
He'll choose the partner of my joys,
And we shall both be blest.

Thus knit in love and unity,
We then a happy pair shall be,
While Jesus is our guide.
Come, then, afflictions—come what will!
In vain ye strive our peace to kill:
Our God's a God of mercy still—
In him we both confide.

And if, our faith and love to try,
And his own name to glorify,
From one he hides his face;
The burden, lest it break the heart,
The helpmate kindly bears a part;
And though we for a time may smart,
Yet happy is our case.

But when, by faith, our souls can view
The Father, Son, and Spirit, too,
And call the Lord our own;

With heart's united in his praise,
We'll spend the remnant of our days,
Till we behold him face to face,
With joy and glory crown'd.

Come, then, dear pilgrim maidens, come;
A stranger's here, and travelling home—
No longer single be:
Marry the man who Jesus loves,
Marry the man whom God approves,
From wisdom's ways who never moves,
And wed with none but he.

Then fix'd, securely fix'd in love,
And highly favour'd from above,
A joyful bride you'll be;
While you to God your cause commend,
And have His glory as your end,
He'll be your Father and your Friend,
To all eternity!

BE KIND.

Be kind to thy father—for, when thou wert young,
Who lov'd thee so fondly as he?
He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,
And joined in thine innocent glee.
Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,
His locks intermingled with grey;
His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold;
Thy father is passing away.

Be kind to thy mother—for, lo! on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen;
Oh! well may'st thou cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind hath she been.
Remember thy mother—for thee will she pray,
As long as God giveth her breath;
With accents of kindness then cheer her lone way,
E'en to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy brother—his heart will have dearth,
If the smile of thy love be withdrawn;
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,
If the dew of affection be gone.

Be kind to thy brother—wherever you are
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament purer and richer by far,
Than pearls from the depths of the sea.

Be kind to thy sister—not many may know
The depths of true sisterly love;
The depths of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.
Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet hours,
And blessings thy pathway to crown;
Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers,
More precious than wealth or renown.

THE WIFE IN A BAG.—A LESSON.

Involv'd in gloomy thoughts, a swain
Was sauntering o'er a sun-bright plain;
False delicacy had made his mind
For earthly blessings too refined:
He thought himself foredoomed to know,
Disgust in all things here below;

And, chief among the woes of life,
He felt, or thought he felt, his wife:
Her faults, 'twere hard to say or sing;
But still she was not quite the thing!
Would fate permit to choose again?
Oh! double grief, the wish is vain.
"*Not so,*" quoth Jove, in accents soft,
And bore the murmurer aloft:
"There, see those bags—now see your wishes,
They hold not wind, as erst Ulysses,
But women, sir—besides they show
The qualities of all below:
Now stand not there a mere beholder,
But lift them freely to your shoulder;
That which most commodiously fits,
And to your back the neatest sits,
Will sure contain the maid who best
Of all on earth can make you blest.
He bowed—the pleasing task begun,
And weighed them careful, one by one.
This was too heavy—that too light—
And none were yet exactly right,
And snug and easy. But at length,
He finds one suited to his strength;

He shoulders it—"I've got it, Jove!
It fits me neater than a glove;
In weight exact, too—not a hair
Deficient—no, nor one to spare;
Grant me, great king! but such a wife,
And I'm completely blessed for life."
"'Tis yours," said Jove—"Unrip the binding,
And let us see the lucky finding."
'Twas done—and wonderful to show,
Out popped his own dear wife below.

MORAL.

Shame burn thy cheeks, preposterous elf!
Who made thee wretched but thyself?
Know henceforth this—a truthful adage—
The fault's in thee, and not the baggage!

DEATH OF THE REV. C. WOLFE.

"One eye is clos'd, in death's cold, marble cell;
The other close, my love—and, now, farewell.
Farewell, my love, till, on the appointed day,
Some angel call thee to the blest away.

Then shall we meet upon that peaceful shore,
Where sin is not, nor death, nor parting more;
Where we shall see Him, not by faith but sight,
And praise His name in everlasting light."
So Wolfe, with accents of affection, said,
A moment ere his hopeful spirit fled.
She weeping, trembling, with how deep a sigh
Press'd the cold lid upon the moveless eye:
That eye which oft had gazed with rapid ken
Through nature's wilder scenes of rock and glen;
That eye which often over misery wept—
Which, when a duty call'd it, never slept;
Which, living, filled with heaven its glowing ball,
And fell with glad benevolence on all,
Seems lost; for ever quench'd its vivid light
In the dark void of everlasting night.
It is not lost; with lovelier keener ray,
It yet will shine in an eternal day;
And see what here it could not see and live—
The throne of Christ—the crown which He will give.

T. V.

AN ENIGMA.

The Moon rose high in her majesty,
Over glittering earth and through deep blue sky,
Reigning in bright tranquility.
Two lover's strayed
Down its close arcade;
And 'twas thus that the youth bespoke the maid:—
"Dearest, I give my heart to thee,
Truth, love, and changeless constancy,
All, all!—Yet more thou shalt give to me.
Oh! give me what never yet was thine,
Nor is—yet 'tis thou must make it mine.
No woman hath that which from thee I crave,
Or had; no, nor ever could wish to have.
Nor, when given, albeit I pledge thee now
A true and an everlasting vow;
Life, fortunes, all, with thee, whate'er
Is, or ever henceforth, may be mine to share,
Canst thou ever or have or share with me
That which now I'm claiming and craving from thee."

SOLUTION.

They were words of the fondest and firmest truth;
And twas thus that the maiden bespoke the youth:

"Yes! I take thy true heart and its fealty,
Thy love, and its changelsss constancy:
And yet thou demandest more from me?
Then take it. I give what I do not crave,
Nor e'er had—no, nor ever could wish to have—
I give thee, unshar'd and ungrudg'd, through life,
A Wife!"

LORD NUGENT.

STANZAS.

Oh! never breathe a dead one's name,
When those who lov'd that one are nigh;
It pours a lava through the frame,
That chokes the breast and fills the eye.
It strains a chord that yields too much
Of piercing anguish in its breath;
And hands of mercy should not touch
A string made eloquent by death.

Oh! never breathe a lost one's name
To those who called that one their own;
It only stirs the smouldering flame
That burns upon a charnel stone.

The heart will ache and well nigh break,
To miss that one for ever fled;
And lips of mercy should not wake
A love that cherishes the dead.

VOICES OF GOD.

There's a voice of God in the murmuring breeze,
That whispers and sings to the answering trees;
There's a voice of God in the rustling reply
Of the dancing leaves to the soft zephyr's sigh.

There's a voice of God in the fountain's low gush—
In the mountain cataract's violent rush,
As it hurries along on its path of light,
And in one vast volume exults in its might.

There's a voice of God in the billows' loud roar,
As, lash'd into madness, they break o'er the shore;
There's a voice of God in the musical chime
Of the rippling wavelets, in summer's sweet time.

There's a voice of God in the rush of the blast,
As it sweeps on the pinions of victory past;
There's a voice of God in the crashes that tell
How the woodman-wind doth his forest trees fell.

There's a voice of God in the perfume that's borne
From the pink woodbine's honey-tipped bugle horn;
In the incense that sweetly and silently swells
In vocalized breathings from pure lily-bells.

When the lightning flash leaps from the rifled cloud,
And its thundering mandate booms long and loud;
When the avalanche falls from its glacial height,
And buries the vales 'neath a cenotaph white;—

When the yawning volcano, with slumbering fire,
Light's a slumbering city's funereal pyre;—
Then, then doth the voice of God loudly proclaim
His omnipotent will and His awful name!

The chorus of stars and the hum of the bee—
The echoes that die in the shell of the sea—
The chirp of the cricket—the song of the swan—
Are voices declaring God's presence to man!

He whispers His love to the ears of the mind,
And thunders his wrath to the wilfully blind;
And voices, creation-lipped, loudly declare
His wisdom, His power, and His fostering care!

MISS VARLEY.

TO-MORROW.

How sweet to the heart is the thought of to-morrow,
When hope's fairy pictures bright colours display;
How sweet when we can from futurity borrow
A balm for the grief that afflicts us to-day!

When wearisome sickness has taught me to languish
For health and the comforts it bears on its wing,
Let me hope—oh! how soon it would lessen my anguish,
That to-morrow will ease and serenity bring.

When travelling alone, quite forlorn, unbefriended,
Sweet the hope that to-morrow my wanderings may cease;
Then at home, when with care sympathetic attended,
I should rest unmolested, and slumber in peace.

When six days of labour, each other succeeding—
When hurry and toil have my spirits opprest,—
What pleasure to think, as the last is receding,
To-morrow will be the sweet Sabbath of rest.

And when the vain shadows of time are retiring,
When life is fast fleeting, and death is in sight,
The Christian, believing, exulting, expiring,
Beholds a to-morrow of endless light!

THE SERAPH'S VISIT.

A seraph bent her radiant eyes
From her bright abode in the lucid skies:
"I would fain," she cried, "see that wondrous earth,
Where mortals live in social mirth;
I would see that world which holds their love
From the lasting joys of the realms above."
Swiftly she reach'd the verdant ground,
Then wond'ring paused, and gazed around:
She stood within a gay parterre—
Bright summer clouds were scattered there;

She gathered some, whose glowing bloom
Was equalled by their sweet perfume.
Alas! before the close of day
She saw them wither and decay.
The Sun, whose gorgeous flood of light
Had made the earth so glad and bright,
Behind the western cloud was shaded,
And the gay face of nature faded.
She fled from glen and bower to scan
The favour'd dwelling-place of man:
She stood in a gay banquet hall,
Where pleasure seem'd the guest of all;
She look'd in many a lovely face,
Expecting nought but joy to trace.
But vain her hope, for each fair brow,
Though tranquil to appearance now,
Seem'd fraught with deep corroding care,
With useless grief, and vain despair.
The seraph listen'd, as her ear
Distinctly caught the accents near:
She heard of friendship early blighted,
Of trusting hearts disdain'd and slighted—
Of gladsome spirits crush'd and broken,
Of vows forgot as soon as spoken.

She found there was no earthly joy
Free from some fatal dark alloy;
No path so smooth, no lot so fair,
But some misfortune hover'd there.
"Oh! man," she cried, "and is it this
That forms thy sum of human bliss?
And is it thus thy nature clings
To these frail, brief, and fading things?
Oh! better far thy soul should be,
Like mine, unfettered, pure, and free;
And happier, when it wings its flight
Unto realms of endless light,
Than dwell on earth, where every smile
Is met with scorn, deceit, and guile!
I quit thee, world of vain career,
For my own bright, immortal sphere!"
There is no bliss so true and pure
As that which faith and prayers ensure,
When earthly cares are gone and past,
And heaven's repose is gain'd at last!

MISS E. POLLOCK.

TO MY MOTHER.

I saw thee in the morning
  Of thy beauty's richest glow,
Dark glossy ringlets wandering
  On thy polish'd neck of snow.
Thy glorious smile was beaming then,
  To chase my gushing tear—
Securely nestled on thy breast,
  I hush'd my childish fear.

Years passed away—then I could read
  Upon my mother's face
A sadder smile—a look of care—
  A more matured grace;
Yet blended with those deep, deep thoughts,
  Her spirit yearned to me,
As, bursting into womanhood,
  I shared her sympathy.

Thy love, thy changeless love to me,
  I reverence next to heaven—
A spark of the eternal fire
  To us in mercy given;

Beauty must fade, and grace decay,
With all we brightest deem,
Or only pictured on our hearts,
As a fond treasured dream.

The eve of life now gently throws
Its darkening shadow o'er
The chequered path my mother treads;
E'en now she nears the shore,
Which stretches to that better world,
Where trust and hope shall die,
But love shall grow, and bloom,
And live, to all eternity.

MRS. MAINWARING.

THE DEED OF THE REVELLER.

The midnight chime had died away,
The wind without did howl,
In sudden gust or sweeping blast,
Or wailing and sighing went it past,
And around a gloomier feeling cast,
Like a pent-up sorrow, broke forth at last,
Of a mute or monk in a cowl.

It shook the leaf of the tender vine,
That across the window grew;
Yellow and green, in the moon's pale beam,
It danced as danceth a maid in a dream,
Who hath sank to sleep on a sunny stream,
Like a flower regaled with dew.

The lady lay in a gentle sleep,
She was lovely in her rest,
And heard not the wind in its boisterous rout,
Nor saw she the vine leaf dancing about,
And tapping the glass—it must have wish'd out
To have kiss'd the lips that did prettily pout,
Or the cheek that the pillow prest.

There's a noise within, but it wakes her not,
She peacefully sleepeth on;
A noise that might have been heard afar,—
The reveller's laugh and loud hurrah,
Borne along on the wild wind's ear,
Making joy at night that morn will mar,
When reason mounts her throne.

His face was flush'd and wild his eye,
Like one engaged in strife;

He dash'd his hand on the table there,
And, brushing aside his raven hair,
Arose and, kicking away his chair,
He mutter'd aloud, in grim despair,
"Now for my wife—my wife!"

He mounteth the stairs with a stealthy step,
A lamp in his nervous hand;
And, as he went, did stagger and reel.
Oh! who can tell what that man doth feel
That beareth the midnight lamp and steel,
When a flash of his after woe or weal
Strikes his heart like a burning brand?

He reacheth and gently opeth the door,
And all within is calm,—
For there, like innocence, doth she lie,
And he heareth her softly breathe and sigh;
But knoweth she not there is danger nigh,
Or she might awake with a startled cry,
Or a shriek of wild alarm.

He looketh down on her gentle face,—
May pity awake and tell her,

That he standeth by with suspended breath,
Like one who chooseth 'twixt life and death.
Too late, for he toucheth her shoulder and saith,
"*My dear, wheres the—key of the cellar?*"

CHINESE PROVERB.

Where spades grow bright, and idle swords grow dull;
Where jails are empty, and where barns are full;
Where church-paths are with frequent feet outworn;
Law court-yards weedy, silent, and forlorn;
Where doctors foot it, and where farmers ride;
Where age abounds, and youth is multiplied;
Where these signs are, they clearly indicate
A happy people, and well-governed state.

MATRIMONIAL LOVE.

There is dew for the flow'ret,
And honey for the bee,
And bowers for the wild bird,
And love for you and me!

There are tears for the many,
And pleasures for the few;
But let the world pass on, dear,
There's love for me and you!

There's care that will not leave us,
And pain that will not flee;
But on our hearth unalter'd
Sits love 'tween you and me!

Our love it ne'er was reckon'd,
Yet good it is and true;
Its half the world to me, dear—
Its all the world to you.

T. HOOD.

RIZPAH. *

A Hebrew mother, lonely and sad,
Sat on a rock where shade there was none;
And all day long on her aching head
Fell the burning rays of a cloudless sun;
And all night long the mother was there,
To sleep if she might, or wake to despair.

* 2nd Samuel, chap. 21, v. 8 to 12.

The Hebrew mother sat on a rock,
And over her swung, in the sight of heaven,
Rotting and tainting the harvest air,
A ghastly band—the corses of seven;
And two were her sons—her sons of pride—
And five were her kinsmen, who swung by their side.

And all the day long she watch'd, to scare
From the cursed tree the carrion birds;
And at night she woke to drive away
The dogs that came forth to the tree in herds:
For there were her sons—her sons of pride—
And those were her kinsmen who swung by their side.

Merrily rose on her lonely ear
The song of the reapers, who toil'd below—
'Twas once such a joyful strain to hear,
But its notes were now the notes of woe;
And the cheerful shout and the merry cry
Deepen'd the lone one's misery.

She watch'd till the harvest fields were bare,
And the rotting dews began to fall;

And she watch'd till o'er the corses bare
The remorseless worm began to crawl,—
Till, piece by piece, in foul decay,
The rotting corses dropped away.

They rotted away in foul decay,
And still that matron upwards gazed
On the bleaching bones that clatter and sway;
But her heart is warp'd and her brain is craz'd:
For there were the bones of her sons of pride,
And those were their kinsmens' which swung by their side.

And the matron sang the reaper's song,
And laughed the laugh of crazy glee,
When the night wind rattled among the bones
That dropt and dropt from the cursed tree.
Ere the last bone dropp'd her song was o'er,
Her heart strings had snapt, and she watch'd no more.

David, the king, hath sent his men
To gather together the dead men's bones;
To gather the bones that scatter'd lay,
Whit'ning and bleaching amid the stones.
David the king, oh! woe to thee!
For thou hast wrought this misery.

WELCOME BACK.

Sweet songs of nightingale and lark,
That greet the golden dawn,
Or twilight deepening into dark,
By mountain, grove, or lawn;
Long days, clear nights, and balmy winds,
Fresh flowers and forest leaves,
Birds, blossoms, fruits of ruddy rinds,
New hay, and barley sheaves;
All joys of nature, sounds or sights
Of forest, stream, or plain,
Ye're welcome, welcome, welcome ever,
And welcome back again.

Fair hopes, forgotten 'mid our toils;
Sweet visions dreamed of yore,
Calm thoughts effac'd in life's turmoils,
Old songs we've sung before;
Forgotten comrades, friends estranged,
Acquaintance o'er the seas,
Old feelings weaken'd, lost, or chang'd,
And youthful memories;

Pure joys of home, kind words, sweet smiles,
And sympathy in pain,
Ye're welcome, welcome, welcome ever,
And welcome back again.

For heaven is kind, and makes no stint
Of blessings, though we die;
They pass in circles, and imprint
Their footsteps as they fly.
Tis ours to train them when begun,
To keep the circle true,
And not neglect, forget, or shun,
The old ones for the new.
Ne'er to the hearts that prize them well
They hold their course in vain:
They're welcome, welcome, welcome ever,
And welcome back again.

THE VOICE OF MOURNING.

Gone are the days of youth,
Like early leaves, by cold winds shed,
Like the noon's sun-beams have they fled,
Like dreams of love and truth.

Gone are the days of mirth,
The silv'ry laugh, the gleesome bound,
The dear one's footsteps' welcome sound,
Gone from the lonely earth.

The voice of love is flown,
Affection's watchful eye and tear,
They linger now no longer here;
Heav'n, then, hath claimed its own.

For me no spring can bloom;
No summer, with her dews and flow'rs,
Nor autumn's rich and fruitful bow'rs:
I sigh but for the tomb.

From that shall spring fresh youth;
E'en from the wintry grave shall rise
Eternal summer in the skies,
For those who worship truth.

No blossoms *there* shall fall;
No scattered leaves proclaim their death,
No tempests' cold and fatal breath
Shall spread a funeral pall.

No lov'd one *there* shall die,
No weeping mourner linger near;
But God himself shall wipe the tear
Of grief from every eye.

THE LAND OF THE SOUTH.

I have come from the South, where the free streams flow,
Mid the scented valleys of Mexico.
I have come from the vines and the tamarind bowers,
With their wild festoons and their sunny flowers;
And wonder not that I turned to part
From that land of sweets with an aching heart.

I have come from the South, where the landward breeze
Comes laden with spices, to roam on the seas,
And whisper its spells to the mariner,
Whose homeward vessel is floating there.
And wonder not that I come with sighs
To this colder clime, and those dreary skies.

I have roam'd through those Indian wild-woods oft,
When the hot day-glare fell shadow'd and soft,

And nought in their green retreats was heard
But the notes of the hermit humming bird,
Or the wayward murmurs of some old song,
That broke through my thoughts as I stray'd along.

Oh! could my footsteps but wander now
Where those woodpaths wind and those dark streams flow!
Oh! could I but feel on my brow once more
The scented winds of that golden shore,
How my heart would bound, as it hailed thee mine,
Oh! Mexico, land of the olive and vine!

TO INDUSTRY.

Parent of independence! if 'tis thine
To crown with his firm meed thy votary's brow,
Oh! let thy chaplet round my temples twine,
By labour pluck'd, but grac'd with health's gay glow.

What though, in russet clad, thou scour'st the brake,
Nor heed'st the wintry tempest's fierce control,
Thy touch each mental energy can wake,
And rouse to action all the dormant soul.

Bereft of thee the brightest talents fade;
And genius, heaven-born genius, wrapt in gloom,
Sighs out his pæans in oblivion's shade,
Sad sharer of an undistinguish'd tomb.

Far rather would my firm fix'd spirit owe
The means of life to thy most menial toil,
Than e'er to fortune's gaudy pageants bow,
Or woo the dimples of her slippery smile.

When poverty, whose name appals the mind,
First to the world reveal'd her hideous form,
Thou camest, in humble garb, by heaven design'd,
To sooth the howlings of her ruthless storm.

Transform'd by thy blest touch, the demon bore
A fairer semblance and a softer mien;
Clean were her hands, and white the rags she wore,
And laughing labour own'd her for his queen.

Full oft amid thy thorny paths are spread
The dewy rose, that cheers the vigorous sense;
The generous tear by melting pity shed,
The glowing gift of warm benevolence.

And bright rewards thy noble toils await,
And fame's immortal garland waves on high,
For those who, struggling with a wayward fate,
Gain and diffuse the bliss they could not buy.

Then, industry, be thou my bosom's choice!
Thy animation, arduous power, bestow!
And though I haply tremble at thy voice,
Accept, confirm, the will which binds my vow.

BARBARA HOOLE.

FRIENDSHIP'S HAND.

Come, sit thou at my table, my friend of early years;
To see the face of one we love the coldest bosom cheers;
Come thou, and share the many gifts that Providence hath sent
To bless my humble dwelling-place, and glad it with content.

I care not for thy threadbare coat—it dims not friendship's wreath;
The heart which aided me in need, still beats, I'm sure, beneath!

Some boast of honours, pomp, and state—they're empty
as they're grand:
Give me the man that well deserves the grasp of friend-
ship's hand!

'Tis said by some that friendship's rare, it doth not much
abound;
If that be true, we'll prize it more when such a jewel's
found.
The friendship which consists in words, like empty air
it speeds:
Man's real worth is always shown by good and honest
deeds!

I would that all were friends on earth, as angels are
above,
That man for man should nobly feel a friend's, a
brother's love—
That no mean pride of birth or rank 'tween heart and
heart should stand,
That all alike should cherish well the grasp of friend-
ship's hand.

THE HUSBAND'S COMPLAINT.

I hate the name of German wool, with all its colours bright;
Of chairs and stools in fancy work I hate the very sight;
The shawls and slippers that I've seen, the Ottomans and bags,
Sooner than wear a stitch on me, I'd walk the street in rags.

I've heard of wives too musical, too talkative, too quiet,
Of scolding, and of gaming wives, and those too fond of riot;
But yet of all the errors known, which to the woman fall,
For ever doing fancy work, I think, exceeds them all.

The other day, when I came home, no dinner got for me.
I ask'd my wife the reason why? She answered, "One, two, three!"
I told her I was hungry, and stamped upon the floor;
She never even looked at me, but murmur'd "One green more."

Of course she makes me angry: she doesn't care for that,
But chatters, when I talk to her, "One white, and then
a black,
Seven green, and then a purple—just hold your tongue,
my dear,
You really do annoy me so, I've made one wrong stitch
here."

And as for conversation, when seated at her frame,
I speak to her of fifty things, she answers just the same.
'Tis, "Yes, love—five reds, and then a black—I quite
agree with you—
I've done this wrong—seven, eight, nine, ten, an orange
then a blue."

If any lady comes to tea her bag is first survey'd,
And if the pattern pleases her a copy then is made.
She stares, too, at the gentlemen, and when I ask her
why?
'Tis, "Oh, my love, the pattern of his waistcoat took
my eye."

And if to walk I am inclined, ('tis seldom I go out),
At every worsted shop she sees, oh! how she stares about.

And, then, 'tis, "Oh! I must go in, that pattern is so rare,
The group of flowers is just the thing I wanted for my chair.

Besides, the things she makes are all such touch-me-not affairs!
I dare not touch a screen, a stool; and as for her worked chairs,
'Twas only yesterday I put my youngest boy on one,
And until then I never knew my wife had such a tongue.

Alas! for my poor little ones, they dare not move or speak,
'Tis, "Tom, be quiet; put down that bag—why, Harriet, where's your feet?
Maria standing on that stool!—it was not made for use.
Be silent all!—three greens, one red, a blue, and then a puce."

Ah! the misery of a working wife, with fancy work run mad,
And hands which never do aught else for children or for dad.

Our clothes are rent and minus strings; my house is in disorder,
And all because my lady wife has taken to embroider.

I'll put my children out to school—I'll go across the sea:
My wife, so full of fancy work, I'm sure she won't miss me.
Even while I write, she stills keeps on her "One, two, three, and four."
I'm past all patience, on my word, I'll not endure it more.

TO A BLIND GIRL.

I do not sigh as some may sigh,
To see thee in thy darkness led,
Along the path where sunbeams lie,
And bloom is shed.

I do not weep as some may weep,
Upon thy rayless brow to look;
A boon more rare 'twas thine to keep,
When light forsook.

A glorious boon! Thou shalt not view
One treasure from the earth depart—
Its starry buds, its pearls of dew,
Lie in thy heart.

No need to heed the frosty air,
No need to heed the blasts that chafe,
The scatter'd sheaf, the vintage spare—
Thy hoard is safe.

Thou shalt not mark the silent change
That falls upon the heart like blight,
The smile that grows all cold and strange:
Bless'd is thy night!

Thou shalt not watch the slow decay,
Nor see the ivy clasp the fane,
Nor trace upon the column grey
The mildew stain.

Ours is the darkness—thine the light,
Within thy brow a glory plays;
Shrine, blossom, dew-drop, all are bright
With quenchless rays.

EXCELSIOR.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner, with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the pass!" the old man said,
Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied
Excelsior!

"Oh, stay!" the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch,
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good night!
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner, with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay ;
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior !

TO HELEN IN A HUFF.

Nay, lady, one frown is enough,
In a life as soon over as this ;
And though minutes seem long in a huff,
They're minutes 'tis a pity to miss.
The smiles you imprison so lightly
Are reckoned like days in eclipse ;
And though you may smile again brightly,
You've lost so much light from your lips !
Pray, lady, smile !

The cup that is longest untasted
May be with our bliss running o'er,
And, love when we will, we have wasted
An age in not loving before !

Perchance Cupid's forging a fetter,
To tie us together some day,
And, just for the chance, we had better
Be laying up love, I should say:
Nay, lady, smile!

N. P. WILLIS.

GOOD TEMPER.

There's not a cheaper thing on earth,
Nor yet one half so dear—
'Tis worth more than distinguish'd birth,
Or thousands gain'd a year:
It lends the day a new delight;
'Tis virtue's firmest shield;
And adds more beauty to the night
Than all the stars may yield.

It maketh poverty content,
To sorrow whispers peace;
It is a gift from heaven sent
For mortals to increase.

It meets you with a smile at morn ;
  It lulls you to repose ;
A flower for peer and peasant born,
  An everlasting rose.

A charm to banish grief away,
  To snatch the f.own from care ;
Turn tears to smiles, make dullness gay,
  Spread gladness everywhere.
And yet 'tis cheap as summer dew,
  That gems the lily's breast ;
A talisman for love, as true
  As ever man possess'd.

As smiles the rainbow through the cloud,
  When threatening storm begins—
As music 'mid the tempest loud,
  That still its sweet way wins—
As springs an arch across the tide,
  Where waves conflicting foam,
So comes this seraph to our side,
  This angel of our home.

What may this wondrous spirit be,
  With power unheard before—

This charm—this bright divinity ?
Good temper !—nothing more.
Good temper !—'tis the choicest gift
That woman homeward brings !
And can the poorest peasant lift
To bliss unknown to kings.

CHARLES SWAIN.

HUMBLE ORIGIN.

The peasant's form, in mean attire,
May shroud a soul of living fire :
The peasant's heart, unbought, unsold,
Hath sung high thoughts in raptures bold,
Which, thus allied with stately sound,
Have filled the spacious regions round ;
And, as an earthquake heaves the ocean,
Have raised whole nations to commotion.
A peasant's hand has drawn the bow
Whose arrow laid th' oppressor low.
The toil which indurates the skin
Leaves soft and pure the heart within ;
Tears in the labourer's eye may sleep,
O'er human wretchedness to weep ;

Rude court'sy with his deeds may blend;
Life prove him an unfailing friend;
And smiles be his for children dear,
And spousal tenderness sincere.
Wealth, pomp, and title, power and pride,
Make not the man, but oft times hide
Or quench the light that else had shone
Undimmed and calm. The poor unknown,
Girt with those attributes of sway
Which station cannot do away,
Think, act, feel, worship, and adore,—
And, wherefore, shall we seek for more?
Each cloud among the hosts that lie
Along some boundless evening sky
Are not in origin the same—
Nor fed from the one soul of flame—
More truly than each man proceeds
From God with kindred powers, and needs
That each, alike, shall seek the tomb,
A deathless being to assume.

BRIGHTER HOURS.

Though dark the present hour may seem
With sorrow, care, and strife;
Though gladness may not shed her beam
Upon the sky of life;
Yet fear not, for amidst the gloom,
One hope is ever ours—
That joy may yet our light illume,
And bring us brighter hours.

Droop not, but nobly struggle still,
For others look to thee;
And they would cease to strive with ill,
If thou should'st conquered be.
In darkest night some star appears—
In winter's hand some flowers:
So shines for us, in adverse years,
The hope of brighter hours!

With fearless spirit still press on—
Act thine allotted part!
Life's high rewards were never won
By faint and coward heart!

Keep on thy course, and falter not,
Though the dread tempest lowers,
But still, however sad thy lot,
Hope on for brighter hours.

Cares may be round thee—doubts and fears
Thy trembling soul oppress:
Mourner! look upward through thy tears,—
Thy God is near to bless!
Even if hope's earthly ray grows dim,
A better light is ours,
Which leads us on to trust in Him
Who gives us brighter hours.

GEORGIANA BENNET.

TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

Again, and yet again, thy sickening peals,
Vibrating in each hollow note,
On my worn soul descend! Silence and gloom,
Th' unwearied heralds of thy dread approach,
Still haunt my shrinking footsteps. In vain I turn
My burning eye-lid and my bursting heart

In secret, silent, voiceless supplication,
To you, fair visions of my early days,
Whose short-lived reign of brightness promised far,
Far happier images. In vain I strive
To veil my senses from thy awful frown;
To dream away my living agony,
And wake to better prospects;—'twill not be;
I cannot shun thee, or myself deceive:—
And yet thou art no unaccustom'd guest,
For scarcely had thy haggard brow emerg'd
From the wide shadow of thy withering form,
Or my lip breath'd its prayer of dawning peace,
Ere thou again wouldst guide the storm to hurl
Its thunders on my soul! What art thou?
And what wouldst thou with me? unsocial pow'r!
Thou first companion, and thou deadliest foe!
Thou wilt not leave me; unsought thou com'st,
And unwoo'd return'st, from thy dark mission:
Thou art not like the world, for never hast thou veil'd
In specious blandishments thy black deformity:
Thou sooth'st me not beneath thy baneful presence,
But com'st undaunted with thy iron troop
Of countless evils, whose dark boding banners,
As they wave in gloomy concert with my steps,

Promise, in their undeviating track,
A curtain'd guard for my last earthly dwelling:
I fain would win my soul to give thee welcome
To thy poor prey;—there's nought so fair
But 'twill deceive, but *thou* deceiv'st not!
Thou art, indeed, *all that thou art* to me;
Oh! stern necessity, I've felt and feel thee
In all thy native stubbornness! yet bow
Not in submission to thy dire behest—
I hate thy sickening pauses, and thy dread
Dull sounding wheels, as round my path they urge
Their mad career, drowning the silver voice
And the urged footsteps of recoiling nature,
Blackening her sweetest blossoms in the dust,
Thou driv'st, incurtaining her sun-lit company!
Why dwell'st thou thus with me? unhallow'd hag!

THE DESERTED WIFE.

He comes not—I have watch'd the moon go down,
But yet he comes not. Once it was not so.
He thinks not how these bitter tears do flow,
The while he holds his riot in that town.

Yet he will come, and chide, and I shall weep;
And he will wake my infant from its sleep,
To blend its feeble wailing with my tears.
Oh, how I love a mother's watch to keep,
Over those sleeping eyes, that smile, which cheers
My heart, though sunk in sorrow, fix'd and deep.

I had a husband once who lov'd me—now
He ever wears a frown upon his brow,
And feeds his passion on a wanton's lip,
As bees, from laurel flowers, a poison sip;
But yet I cannot hate.—Oh! there were hours
When I could hang for ever on his eye,
And time, who stole with silent swiftness by,
Strew'd, as he hurried on, his path with flowers!
I loved him then—he loved me, too. My heart
Still finds its fondness kindle, if he smile:
The memory of our loves will ne'er depart!
And though he often sting me with a dart,
Venom'd and barb'd, and waste upon the vile
Caresses which his babe and mine should share:
Though he should spurn me, I will calmly bear
His madness; and should sickness come, and lay
Its paralyzing hand upon him, then

I would, with kindness, all my wrongs repay,
Until the penitent should weep and say,
How injured, and how faithful I had been!

THE LOVE OF LIFE'S YOUNG DAY.

'Tis sweet to trace, o'er memory's space
The joys of childhood's hour;
When, like the bee, we wander'd free,
From op'ning flower to flower:
When life was bright with rosy light,
And all our smiles were gay;
But memory brings, on brightest wings,
The love of life's young day.

Love's early smile, so free from guile,
Love's first ambrosial kiss,
Are tokens bright of dear delight—
Of earth's most sov'reign bliss.
And threat'ning fears, and sighs, and tears,
May cloud its future ray;
Still memory brings, on brightest wings,
The love of life's young day.

When farthest east, in splendour dress'd,
Young morn ascends the sky,
Remembrance beams o'er night's soft dreams,
Though slumber leaves the eye.
Thus when the strife and care of life
Redim our wintry way,
Fond memory brings, on brightest wings,
The love of life's young day.

MIDDLETON.

THE SKY-LARK.

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Light be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Bless'd is thy dwelling place!
Oh! to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud;
Love gives it energy—love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day;
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, hie, hie thee away!

Then when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather-blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be:
Emblem of happiness,
Bless'd is thy dwelling place!
Oh! to abide in the desert with thee!

JAMES HOGG.

A VIRTUOUS, DISCREET, AND LOVING WIFE.

Let no man value at a little price
A virtuous woman's counsel; her wing'd spirit
Is feathered oftentimes with heavenly words,
And (like her beauty) ravishing and pure—
The weaker body, still the stronger soul.
When good endeavours do her powers apply,

Her love draws nearest man's felicity.
Oh! what a treasure is a virtuous wife,
Discreet and loving: not one gift on earth
Makes a man's life so highly bound to heaven:
She gives him double forces, to endure
And to enjoy, by being one with him,
Feeling his joys and griefs with equal sense;
And, like the twins, Hippocrates reports,
If he fetch sighs, she draws her breath as short—
If he lament, she melts herself in tears—
If he be glad, she triumphs—if he stir,
She moves his way: in all things his sweet ape;
And is, in alterations passing strange,
Himself divinely varied without change!
Gold is right precious, but his price infects
With pride and avarice: authority lifts
Hats from men's heads, and bows the strongest knees,
Yet cannot bend in rule the weakest hearts.
Music delights but one sense; nor choice meats;
One quickly fades, the other stir to sin:
But a true wife both sense and soul delights,
And mixeth not her good with any ill;
Her virtues, ruling hearts, all powers command;
All store without her leaves a man but poor;

And, with her, poverty's exceeding store.
No time is tedious with her; her true worth
Makes a true husband think his arms enfold
(With her alone) a complete world of gold.

CHAPMAN, A. D. 1606.

THE SHARING OF THE EARTH.

"Take the world," cried the God from his heaven
To men—I proclaim you its heirs;
To divide it amongst you 'tis given,
You have only to settle the shares."

Each takes to himself what he pleases,
Old and young have alike their desire;
The harvest the husbandman seizes,
Through the wood and the chase sweep the squire.

The merchant his warehouse is locking—
The abbot is chosing his wine;
Cries the monarch, the thoroughfares blocking,
"Every toll for the passage is mine!"

All too late, when the sharing was over,
Comes the poet—he came from afar;
Nothing left can the laggard discover,
Not an inch but its owners there are.

"Woe is me, is there nothing remaining,
For the son who best loves thee alone?"
Thus to Jove went his voice in complaining,
As he fell at the thunderer's throne.

"In the land of the dreams if abiding,"
Quoth the God—"Canst thou murmur at ME?
Where wert *thou* when the earth was dividing?"
"I was," said the poet, "BY THEE.

"Mine eye by thy glory was captur'd—
Mine ear by thy music of bliss;
Pardon him whom *thy* world so enraptur'd,
As to lose him his portion in this!"

"Alas!" said the god, "earth is given!
Field, forest, and market, and all!
What say you to quarters in heaven?
We'll admit you whenever you call!"

SCHILLER.

THE MURDERER'S LAST NIGHT.

The grating hinge of the prison-house door,
And the turn of the pond'rous key,
Which made more secure the bound before,
Shut the world out e'en from me.
Fearfully I gazed through the murky gloom,
Scarce broke by a feeble ray,
And there beheld, in the living tomb,
The death-doomed murderer lay.

The fire had waned from his eye once bright,
His pulse beat feebly and slow;
His only note was a lengthened sigh,
His feelings the climax of woe!
E'en hope—the last of the flitting train,
That flees from the wretch's lair—
Had fled from him; and his fever'd brain
Was fill'd by the demon despair.

An awful paleness cover'd his brow,
Of a livid and sickly hue;
Like a damned one, embodied now,
Just burst out of shade to view!

His blood-turned eye, sunk, glossy, and wan,
Was fix'd with a vacant stare,
Or, roused for a moment, o'er nothing it ran,
And roll'd with an horrible glare.

"Oh! Father of Mercies!" I mentally cried,
"This erring transgressor forgive;
Let the blood which was shed when the Holy
One died,
Cleanse him who no longer may live.
Grant one cheering ray to his soul,
And dark though his actions may be,
Thy compassion can blot out the whole:
Oh! let him find mercy with Thee."

A torturing pang—and sharper than death—
Like the scorch of an unquench'd flame,
Or stifling blast of sulphurous breath,
Shot madness and rage through his brain!
With a phrenzied rush, he rose and strove
To bear out the bars and flee;
Then sank overwhelm'd, unable to move,
And was borne to the fatal tree.

REV. J. YOUNG.

WOMAN.

Dear woman, the poets may flatter
Their muse it can eulogise thee!
And some may revile thee—no matter—
'Twere strange if mankind could agree!

They have ransack'd the earth and the ocean,
And have puzzl'd, for ages, their brains,
For things that could give us a notion
Of thee in their rapturous strains.

They've exhausted the realms of invention,
And render'd the heavens threadbare;
And a region 'tis vulgar to mention,
Has frequently furnish'd its share.

But vain the most fervent endeavour
To praise or detract from thy name;
Whilst thou still art as lovely as ever,
And thy mind and thy heart are the same.

The purest of virtues inspire thee,
And beauty could grant thee no more:

Even they who belie must admire thee,
And love what they cannot adore.

This, indeed, were a region of sorrow,
Were its sorrows uncheer'd by thy smile;
But our cares are forgot till the morrow,
As the soul-soothing accents beguile.

In vain in our pride we defy thee;
Love rankles within us, unknown;
We bow to the charms we deny thee,
And yield to the power we disown.

A glance is enough to confuse us,
A sigh—and we thrill to the core;
A smile—and its sweetness subdues us;
A tear—and thy conquest is o'er!

THE POOR—A SONNET.

Where are the flowers—the little witching flowers—
That bloom'd in all the loveliness of May?
One after one they fade and drop away,
And leave us lonely in our winter hours.

Their foliage whirls upon the autumn breeze,
And, nestling, gathers in the traveller's way;
While moaning music plays through naked trees,
Dirging the shortness of the summer's stay.
But yet again the soft south wind shall bring
A joyous sweetness to this land of ours;
But who may see the opening bud of spring,
And pluck the first of summer's little flowers?
Think on the poor, ye sons of better lot,
And cheer the widow and the homeless, too:
A little given may be a flower to you,
And they shall call you their forget-me-not.

THE BEGGAR CHILD—A CAPPRICCIO.

(Impromptu on the "Old Arm-Chair.")

He comes, he comes, o'er the slippery flags,
With his jacket torn, and his shirt in rags;
His trousers flap round his legs so lean,
(Those trousers once were bottle green),
With his skip and jump, and aspect mild,
Oh! how I love the beggar child!

There's a limp in his gait and a leer in his eye,
Very comical, queer, and sly :
Down the areas all he looks,
To watch the meat on the kitchen hooks ;
When he saw a beef-steak, oh ! how he smil'd.
And I felt I lov'd the beggar child.

His hair is like the sunset's glow ;
No comb e'er vexed that brow of snow.
I love those tangled locks so bright,
To me they are a finer sight
Than the well-combed hair of an infant mild ;
For, oh ! I love the beggar child.

Rove onward in thy course so free,
Thou shalt not be restrained by me ;
Too well I love thee, e'er to rule
Thy thoughts or motions in any school.
By nature's charms be still beguiled,
Be free—depart—dear beggar child !

THE ORIGIN OF THE MOSS ROSE.

A spirit of air gaily roamed o'er the flowers,
Sleep fell on his eyelids—he needed repose,
And sought for a refuge from dews and from showers
Beneath the rich leaves of a beautiful rose:
The spirit awakened, and eager to grant
Some boon to the flower that had saved him from harm,
"Oh! tell me," he murmured, "thy wish or thy want;"
"I ask," said the rose, "one additional charm."

The spirit bewailed the fair flower's discontent;
"I may not," he sighed, "to improve thee presume:
How balmy, how sweet, is thy exquisite scent!
How lovely thy shape, and how vivid thy bloom!"
Yet still to his promise resolved to be true,
His fancy he tasked some new grace to propose,
Then smil'd, waved his wings, and exultingly threw
A veil of soft clustering moss o'er the rose.

The rose's vain sisters rejoiced, in their pride,
That *their* charms had not suffered so grievous a loss;
But brief was their triumph—all passed them aside,
To gaze on the rose with the vesture of moss;—

Revealing this truth—that though gladly we greet
Attractions and grace that our senses enthrall,
We never can deem them entirely complete,
Till humility casts her soft veil o'er them all.

MRS. ABDY.

ONWARD EVER.

Onward! onward, ever!
Who would not change who can?
The young child longs for boyhood,
The boy to be a man.

Onward! onward, ever!
Who would remain the same?
E'en perfect joy, if changeless,
Would seem but dull and tame.

Has our past life been dreary?
The future shines afar;
So pass we onward, gaily—
Hope is our guiding star.

Onward! onward, ever!
Even if life is fair,

We see more glow in distance,
And seek more pleasure there.

Onward! onward, ever!
Is not the life of man
Like a restless river,
Still flowing on and on?

Its course may change and vary,
So even may its name;
Yet its end and its beginning
Must ever be the same.

LINES ON A DEAR DEPARTED DAUGHTER.

Adieu, lov'd Marianna, a long, a last adieu!
'Tis heaven's decree, and we must part with you:
'Tis selfishness to mourn thy happy doom,
Or wish thee back from thy much envied home.
Perhaps th' unerring eye of Providence might see
Some direful ill impending over thee,
And, ever kind, averted the sad blow,
By calling thee from this dark vale of woe.

We are but here probationers at best,—
Are we not told, "this is no place of rest?"
Oh! happy they who feel religion's power,
To sooth and comfort their departing hour.
Such was thy happy state, my daughter dear:
Oh! sweet consoling spot for friends left here.
Peace to thy spirit, which has winged its flight
To meet its Saviour in the realms of light:
Reason, suppress the tear, nor heave the sigh;
But, from *her* bright example, "learn to die."

M.

SONNET,

WRITTEN ON HEARING SOME FAVOURITE CHURCH BELLS AT A DISTANCE.

How sweet to hear the music of yon bells,
Come stealing on the wind with mellowed tone,
For quick they waken thoughts like fairy spells,
As dear to me as "exile's dream of home;"
And as their melody floats on mine ear,
In swells harmonious, or in dying falls,
I listen, all entranced, as, soft and clear,
Borne on the breeze, they steal from those old walls.

A pleasing sadness their sweet tones impart,
And recollections of departed things,
Such as o'erflow the fountains of the heart
With nameless feelings nought but music brings;
And oft the memory of their soothing chime
Will gently steal at twilight's pensive time.

MARY CATHERINE.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

Now is the night breeze sighing
Along the silent vale,
And zephyrs soft seem vying
To tell some gentle tale:
Though some may love the ruder breeze
Upon the mountain's side,
And others praise the foaming seas—
The madly rolling tide;
Of summer's eve I love the gentle sigh,
As day declines and balmy night draws nigh.

Now fancy, freedom feeling,
Pursues an errant flight,

And, through the shadows stealing,
Peoples the deep'ning night
With varied forms of absent friends,
Still dear unto the heart,
Whose gladly-welcome presence tends
A thrill of joy t' impart.
And thus the heart can hold communion sweet,
With those the tongue, perhaps, no more shall greet.

* * * * * * *

Yes, they come forth at once from each distant land;
And mingle again in a happy band,
From far-off city and wide-spread plain,
Here seem they all to unite again;
One from the region of lasting snows,
One whence the many-streamed river flows,
Some from the land where the palm-trees wave,
And some from the depths of the quiet grave:
And one is there, by the world estranged,
Beauteous and joyous, and still unchanged,
And the gentle words and the trustful smile,
Once more do the spirit with joy beguile!
These are the voices that fill the air,—
Such are my visions so bright and fair,

As, 'neath the gloom of the dark'ning sky,
I list to the summer gale's soft sigh.

* * * * * * *

When, torn by passion's feeling,
The raging swelling seas,
A kindred breath revealing,
The soul, perturbed, may please;
But when, with a tranquil sadness,
We review the distant past,
And the echo of its gladness
Still a joy around us cast,—
Oh! give me, then, the summer wind's soft sigh,
As darkness gathers o'er the azure sky.

SATURDAY EVENING.

The week is past, the Sabbath dawn comes on.
Rest—rest in peace—thy daily toil is done;
And standing, as thou standest, on the brink
Of a new scene of being, calmly think
Of what is gone, is now, and soon shall be,
As one that trembles on eternity.
For, sure as this now closing week is past,

So sure advancing time shall close my last;
Sure as to-morrow, shall the awful light
Of the eternal morning hail my sight.

Spirit of Good! on this week's verge I stand,
Tracing the guiding influence of Thy hand;
That hand which leads me gently, kindly still,
Up life's dark, stony, tiresome, thorny hill;
Thou, thou, in every storm hast sheltered me
Beneath the wing of Thy benignity:—
A thousand graves my footsteps circumvent,
And I exist—Thy mercies' monument!
A thousand writhe upon the bed of pain—
I live—and pleasure flows through every vein.
Want o'er a thousand wretches waves her hand—
I, circled by ten thousand mercies, stand.
How can I praise, thee, Father! how express
My debt of reverence and of thankfulness?
A debt that no intelligence can count,
While every moment swells the vast amount.
For the week's duties thou hast given me strength,
And brought me to its peaceful close at length;
And here, my grateful bosom fain would raise
A fresh memorial to thy glorious praise.

DR. BOWRING.

THE GATES OF ROME—THE GATES OF HEAVEN.

(Subject—The visit of the Emperor of Russia to Rome, at the end of the Pontificate of Gregory XVI., and the visit of the Polish Abbess Wiecinskli.)

Fling wide thy solemn gates, O Rome!
A kingly guest draws near,
Whose slightest word, in his far home,
Sad millions watch and fear!
He cometh not in pilgrim guise,
To bow before thy shrine;
The blessing which *his* faith denies
He will not ask from thine.

He cometh—as a king should come,
With pomp and rich array;
With sound of trump and beat of drum,
A conqueror—on his way:
He looketh, as a king should look—
Proud step and lofty eye—
And gestures of command, that brook
Nor peer nor rival nigh.

The memory of one lost and dear *
Hath touched that brow of pride,
The shadow of a human fear
Yet stalketh by his side;
But power to that stern spirit comes,
The weight aside to fling,
And he bears him nobly, as becomes
A warrior and a king.

Again fling wide thy solemn gates,
O Rome! Without there stands
A pilgrim, who in patience waits,
With meek and folded hands:
A woman, travel-stained and worn,
Thy portal tottereth through—
Alone, unfriended, and forlorn,
And yet a conqueror, too!

O noble heart! whose faith upbore
The faint and feeble frame,
Through hopeless years of travail sore,
In torture, doubt, and shame.

* The death of his daughter.

The good fight hast thou fought; and now
Thy promised rest so near,
Why sinketh down that noble brow
That knew nor guilt nor fear?

She cometh as the poor do come,
With bated breath and sigh,
To ask a boon—O mighty Rome!
Thy leave in peace to die.
Of all thy wealth's uncounted sums
She asks but *this*—a grave;
And craves it meekly, as becomes
A suppliant and a slave.

O holy city! art thou dumb,
When (as in days of yore)
The oppressor, and his victim, come
Thy judgment-seat before?
Shall the old thunders wake again
The echoes of thy hills?
Speak! to a list'ning world! In vain,
No voice the silence fills!

Shall he who guiltless life destroys,
Have sanction at thy shrine?

And, deaf to a wronged nation's voice,
Hear "Welcome" now from thine?
A voice, as of a mighty flood,
Shall drown that "welcome" sound—
The cry of *blood*—the innocent blood,
That crieth from the ground!

O! when before the gates of heaven
Those pilgrims both shall stand,
In His dear name, to whom is given
To sit at God's right hand;
No rags shall hide, nor purple screen,
The deeds by either done;
For God himself shall judge between
The Emperor and the Nun!

LADY DUFFERIN.

LINES TO SOME WILD FLOWERS.

Sweet fairy throng, I hail ye with delight,
In this wild solitude, bespangled o'er
Like jewels in a casket, rough, yet bright
With their reflection, as the star-lit shore.

The sighing wind your own wild music plays,
And rocks ye with its gentle lullaby;
Stealing your balmy breath, as on it strays,
To mingle fragrance with its minstrelsy.

Of rainbow tints, the deepest, fairest dye,
With leaves of every form and varied green,
And light and wiry stems—ye meet mine eye,
Joyous and bright, as love's young blissful dream.

Ye lead me back to childhood's sunny hours,
Lovely and fragile children of the earth;
When fancy's shell was wreathed with ye—sweet flowers,
And from the heart came bounding rapturous mirth.

The laughing sunshine greets ye, as it throws
Its gilding over hill and woody dell,
Bidding your petals to its light disclose
The beauty lurking in each little cell.

In pearly glistening dew ye close to rest,
Lull'd by the zephyrs, till morn's rosy light
Steals gently from the glowing radiant east,
To wake ye from its welcome, fresh and bright.

Ethereal teachers are ye to the heart,
Whispering of him who made ye in his care;
Oh! may your teaching but with life depart,
For pure ye are as infant's earliest prayer.

MARY CATHERINE.

A WITHERED LEAF.

A wither'd leaf—its life how brief!
Now its last gambols playing,
Amidst the trees, floats on the breeze,
Still downward and decaying.

Now here—now there—high in the air
Again behold it flying;
But down at last, on earth 'tis cast,
With all its fellows dying!

A moment pass'd—the northern blast
Yeilds to a short cessation;
'Tis up again, 'midst wind and rain,
Resuming its gyration.

This leaf is man! care-worn and wan—
Long harrass'd by vexation;
Snapp'd every tie—hope's sources dry—
He courts the grave's low station.

Now quick as air—on wings of prayer—
His soul mounts up to heaven;
Then down it sinks—while nature shrinks,
By thoughts of dying driven.

A moment o'er—faith bears once more,
The soul o'er scenes of weeping,
Come wind, come rain, joy, grief, or pain,
Safe in the Saviour's keeping.

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Page 7th - Twelfth line from the top read "spruce beau."
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Page 72nd—Eighth line from the top, for "cradled in the winds" read "wind."
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